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ABSTRACT

The dilemma of American women in 1971 as encountered by college teachers and college students is examined in this work. The dilemma is this: in spite of the opening of the universities to women for study and employment and in spite of other social changes, women must still endure a status secondary to that of men. They are not often appointed to professorial rank, and they find it hard to establish the spaciousness of outlook which encompasses visions and results in extended writing. Most of the 14 articles in this collection were written in the fall of 1970 at the request of the Modern Language Association Commission on Women. (Author/CK)

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A Case for Equity

EDITED BY SUSAN McALLESTER
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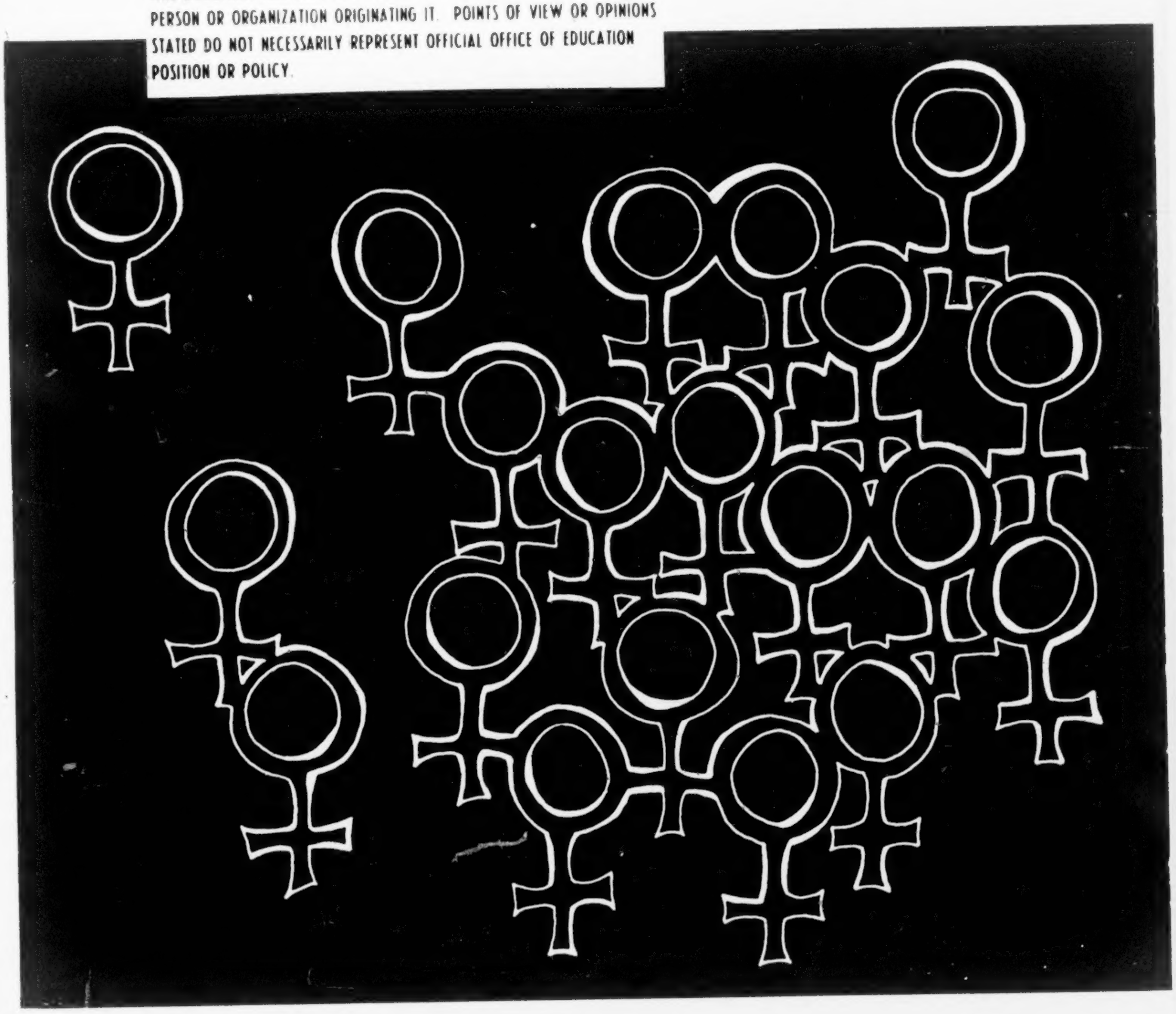

Women in English Departments

National Council of Teachers of English

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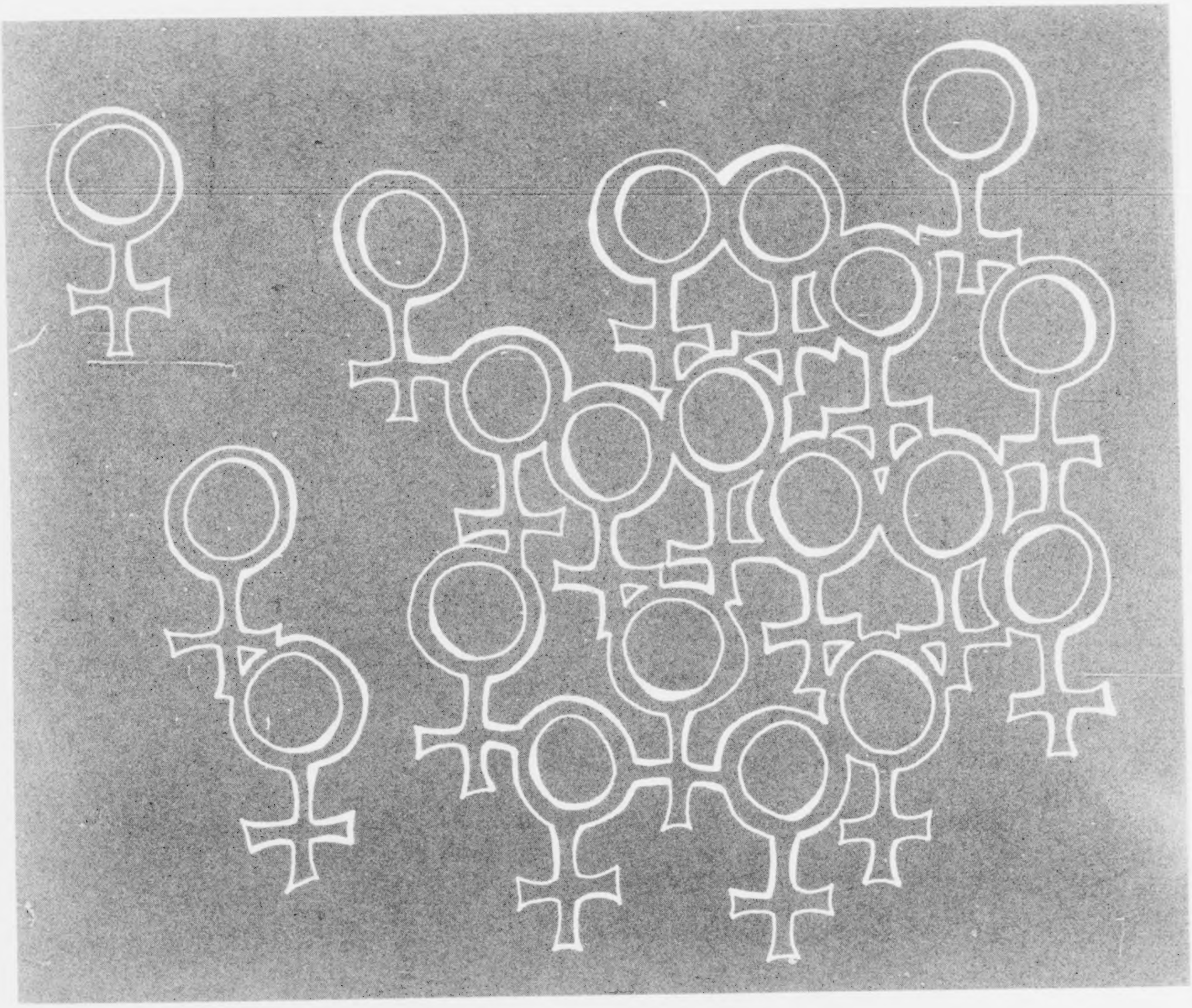

Women in English Departments

National Council of Teachers of English
1111 Kenyon Road Urbana, Illinois 61801

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Introduction

THE DILEMMA of American women in 1971 as encountered by college teachers and students is particularly puzzling. The dilemma is this: in spite of the opening of the universities to women for study and employment, and in spite of the invention of the day care center, the automatic washing machine, and the freezer, women are clustered in the low teaching ranks, hesitate to speak out in mixed classes, and continue to assume, unrebelliously for the most part, responsibility for the children and homes they share with their husbands. Women are encouraged to be teachers and to be students of English: we give them books which have been written by great men, and enlarge their understanding with male explications of literature. Then we welcome them to the brotherhood of scholars. We praise them for the extraordinary energy which enables them to do the housework, teach two sections of freshman English, and contribute an occasional article. They are not often appointed to professorial rank, and they find it hard to establish the spaciousness of outlook which encompasses visions and results in extended writing.

It is possible, as Lillian Robinson maintains, that the culture and the political economy must alter if women and men are to realize equal and unwarped development as teachers, scholars, and citizens. But, in any case, their education can be revised to include the identification of the Great American Bitch in literature (Dolores Barracano Schmidt's article), the American Galatea (Judith Montgomery), and a consciousness of how male critics approach a novel known to have been written by a woman (Carol Ohmann). They can learn to understand themselves, rather than to accept the definitions of writers and teachers schooled in a male-dominated society (Florence Howe, "Identity and Expression: A Writing Course for Women"; Elaine Showalter, "Women and the Literary Curriculum"; Alleen Pace Nilsen, "Women in Children's Literature"). Such education might provide our schools and colleges with teachers capable of correcting the traditional distortions for men as well as for women.

Most of the articles in this collection were written in the fall of 1970 at the request of the Modern Language Association Commission on Women. Florence Howe (Goucher College), Chairwoman of the Commission at that time, reports in the first article on why a Commission is needed. The other members were Howard Anderson (Michigan State University); Katherine Ellis (Columbia College); Mary Anne Ferguson (University of Massachusetts/Boston); Elaine Hedges (Towson State College/Maryland); Carol Ohmann (Connecticut College); and Roberta Salper (San Diego State College). All the articles except "Twelfthmonth, or What You Get" by Alison Hopwood (reprinted from *College English* for May 1969) first appeared in *College English* for May 1971.

Susan McAllester
Middletown, Conn.
July 1971

A Case for Equity

FLORENCE HOWE

A Report on Women and the Profession

WHEN VIRGINIA WOOLF addressed an historic meeting of professional women in the 1930's, she described her struggles with "The Angel in the House," who would slip behind her as she began to write and say, " 'My dear, you are a young woman. You are writing about a book that has been written by a man. Be sympathetic; be tender; flatter; deceive; use all the arts and wiles of our sex. Never let anybody guess you have a mind of your own. Above all, be pure.' " The Angel "died hard. Her fictitious nature," Mrs. Woolf reports, "was of great assistance to her. It is far harder to kill a phantom than a reality."[1]

Whether Mrs. Woolf was correct in her estimate, women have still both phantoms and realities to fight. We have the phantom woman job candidate, for example, who is, we are told, quite unreliable. If employed, she is certain to leave for marriage or for pregnancy. What's more, if she's a proper woman, she won't be driving, ambitious, or even possibly arrogant and intelligent enough to publish and thus bring fame to the department; nor is the passive, quiet but chatty creature likely to become a charismatic Kittredge. And so what can she do but teach—and probably freshman composition or French 100 at that.

Thanks to a new book by Helen Astin[2] and to several similar briefer studies of the woman doctorate, I may attempt to throttle that phantom at once. While it is true (and to their credit) that women Ph.D's spend significantly more time than men teaching (50% to 31%) and less time in research (25% to 41%), it is not true that women are unproductive as scholars. Mrs. Astin studied women eight or nine years beyond their doctorates,

Florence Howe is Professor of Humanities at SUNY, College at Old Westbury, and in November 1970 was elected Second Vice-President of MLA. This paper was read as her introduction to the MLA Forum on Women in the Profession, Dec. 27, 1970.

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[1] "Professions for Women," *The Death of the Moth* (The Hogarth Press, 1947), pp. 149-154.

[2] Helen Astin, *The Woman Doctorate in America* (Basic Books, 1970).

more than half of whom were married and had families. She reports that 75% had published at least one article—the typical woman doctorate had published three or four—and 13%, eleven or more. It is also untrue, Mrs. Astin's study indicates, that women don't "use" the doctorate. 91% of the women she studied were in the labor force, 81% of them fulltime, and almost half of them still in their first job, another 30% having changed jobs once. This is hardly the record of an undependable, unstable work force. Mrs. Astin kills more phantoms than I can report here, but one is especially worth noting to this audience: those women who report instances of discrimination, she writes, are "active professionally and publish frequently." She speculates that the same characteristics ("aggressiveness, candor, or competitiveness") that may account for "greater productivity" account also for those women's "readiness to voice their opinions and express their disapproval of discriminatory practices."

"Disapproval of discriminatory practices," you remember, led two years ago to the formation of the MLA Commission on the Status of Women in the Profession. The Commission's newly completed study of departments reveals the realities of the woman doctorate's world. For example, 55% of our graduate students are women; no more than one out of nine or ten of their teachers is a woman. Or if one looks at a group of institutions, the prestige of which ranges from low to high, the proportion of women diminishes as the prestige rises. Or if one looks at salary and tenure, women are to be found earning lower salaries and holding proportionately fewer tenured positions, especially at institutions of high prestige. Even if one looks at who teaches freshman English and French 100, and who teaches graduate courses, the same pattern stares back: the percentage of women among the teaching faculty declines as the course level rises. In short, women are at the bottom of our profession in rank, salary, prestige, or all three.

Almost all the women on the Commission, for example, earn lower salaries than the one male among us, who is, I should add, younger than most of us and an associate professor. Four of the seven women on the Commission are assistant professors, though we have all published widely and though I am the solitary older member without the doctorate.

I am a Ph. D. dropout. That is, I left Wisconsin in order to comply with the demands of a husband who wanted to move to New York. It was not then, as it is not usually now, possible to transfer credits to another institution. But I was not going to be a professor anyway, I thought, I was going to be a professor's wife. I'd teach part-time or when I could find a job, and wherever I happened to be. I liked teaching, but I did not think of myself as a "professional." One day, when marriage brought me to Baltimore, I was conveniently able to fill in for someone going on leave at Goucher College. I grew interested in that teaching job, and finally freed myself from marriage, and even began to write the dissertation, though I did not finish it. For teaching was still my main interest, and through teaching I became involved in the political struggles of my students, first blacks in Mississippi and in several inner cities of the north, then women. Because of these struggles, I went to Mississippi in the summers of 1964 and 1965 to work in the civil rights movement; and instead of finishing my dissertation, I began to write and even to publish essays and a book, about education, politics, and literature. But it was not the sort of traditional scholarship generally appreciated by departments of English.

So here I am: still an assistant professor at age forty-one, in my eleventh year at a women's college, in my fourteenth year of full-time teaching, still enjoying two or three sections of freshman English a year, and three or four upper division literature courses besides. I have never had a paid sabbatical year; I have never taught a graduate course. On the other hand, I have taken steps "down" the professional ladder to work in the Baltimore city high schools, on a project aimed at improving the teaching of high school English. Along with my rank, my teaching, and my interests goes a salary in keeping with my status, or should I say "place," in the profession.

And what has been my response? Until four or five years ago, silence: that was the way things were, I thought, if I thought about them at all. I had been naughty not to finish the degree, and I would be punished accordingly. More recently, I have worn a wry smile and remarked coyly that remaining an assistant professor "kept me honest." And anyway, I explained, I enjoyed my life. Though I was not rewarded in material ways, I could and did invent new courses and proceed even with major experiments in teaching.

But eighteen months as Commission Chairwoman has eroded that wry smile. I feel now a growing anger as I come to realize that a) I am not alone in my state—indeed, the sorrier aspects of my life are rather typical of too many women in the profession; b) there are many women worse off than I by far, many even who have followed the traditional route, who hold the "proper" credentials and who can find work only part-time; and c) our profession still rings with the male laughter that signifies only discomfort, not even fear, much less respect for women. Most important of all, I have come to realize our large numbers. It's as though, to borrow Ellison's image, we have been invisible even to each other—at least until now.

Our numbers, compared to most male-dominated professions, are startling. Nationally, the proportion of women on college and university faculties is usually cited as between 18% and 22%. The comparable figure for the modern language fields is 37%—a statistic that accounts for 33% full-time, 54% part-time. Most political science departments, to cite a field different from ours, have no women faculty. 90% of all departments in our fields report employing at least one woman. And of course, even if you are a member of a graduate department where women are rare, you know how many women there are in the profession (at least potentially) if you look around at your graduate students. A 55% majority are women. And there might be more still, judging from a study of undergraduates by James A. Davis. Using a huge sample of college seniors—33,982—Mr. Davis found that women were 69% of those planning graduate work in languages, 65% of them in English.[3]

And why not? Who reads books more avidly than little girls age six and seven? Or my Goucher students? Helen Astin tells us that women in the arts and humanities make the earliest career choices. An explanation is not hard to find. In the language of social psychologists, the idea of *enjoying* art and literature is sex-linked to women. A team of researchers at Worcester State Hospital recently published the results of an ingenious experiment.[4] Three groups of male and female clinical psychologists—that is, the sort who practice on human patients—were given three identical lists of 122 items previously verified as either "male" or "female-valued." Each group was given a different set of instructions: choose those traits, one was told, that characterize the healthy adult male; another, the healthy adult female; the third, a healthy adult, a person. As you may expect, and to our mutual horror, the healthy adult and the healthy male were identical, and totally divergent from the clinically healthy woman. But perhaps to our delight, the clinically healthy woman, unlike males and "persons" in our society, "enjoys art and literature very much."

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[3] James A. Davis, *Great Aspirations: The Graduate School Plans of America's College Seniors* (Aldine, 1964).

The picture one gets from the study we have done is of a mass of women choosing literature, language, and writing as their interest; and a minority of men making the same choice. The minority of men sweep on to the Yales and Harvards, and into the large coeducational universities to dominate and control the profession. How is it that the study of language and literature, which attracts two-thirds women and one-third men, winds up as a profession with the statistics reversed? How is it that even the 37% who are women are not spread equitably through the profession?

There is very little to prove that women are discriminated against in admissions to graduate school or in awards of stipends. Studies indicate that of those who apply, men and women are accepted or awarded grants in equitable proportion. But the catch lies in the words "of those who apply." Many more women apply for M.A. and M.A.T. programs, for example, than for doctorate programs. Sixty-five percent of those in M.A. programs were women; and a healthy majority of such degrees—55% of M.A.'s and 62% of M.A.T.'s—were earned by women during the past five years. But women are "cooled out" of the profession as early as possible, so that by the time one gets to doctoral programs the percentage of women graduate students has fallen to 49%. Other studies show that women who apply as doctoral candidates are not only fewer than men, they are better qualified, at least in terms of their college or high school records, than many of those men.[5] If women applicants to graduate schools are more highly qualified than many male candidates, then the rate of women accepted and granted stipends should be *greater* than that of men. To find no sex differences among the proportions applying and being admitted reveals that for women the standards of admissions are actually higher than they are for men.

Once into graduate school, women have still to continue "proving" their "seriousness," even in fields traditionally of interest to them and socially acceptable for them. "Why is a pretty girl like you thinking of burying yourself in a library?"—that is what Leonard Woolf once said to me, and that question continues to haunt women graduate students. Or other questions: "do you expect to be married shortly?"; or "do you plan to have any children?" We must grow conscious of these matters, since recently announced cutbacks in graduate departments could, if we are not alert, conspire to cut down the numbers of women willing to meet the demands of doctorate programs and thus reverse the upward trend of female Ph.D.'s in the profession. That would be extremely unfortunate, not only from the point of view of equity and legality, but because of the quality of female professionals.

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[4] Inge K. Broverman, *et al.*, "Sex Role Stereotypes and Clinical Judgements of Mental Health," *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology*, 34, No. 1 (1970), 1-7.

[5] Davis, *op. cit.;* Lindsey R. Harmon, *Careers of Ph.D.'s: Academic versus Nonacademic.* Career Patterns Report #2 (National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D. C., 1968).

What if women are not "cooled out," what if they persist and complete the doctorate? What awaits them? If they are full professors, our study reveals, women are four times as likely to be teaching in two-year or four-year colleges than to be in departments granting the Ph.D. In community colleges, the proportion of women teaching in our field is incredibly high for academe: 39% of doctorates who teach English and other modern languages in community colleges are women. Other figures for women teaching in such institutions are larger still—most above 50%. But the proportion of women diminishes as one looks at B.A., M.A., or Ph.D-granting departments, until one finds a scant 12% of women doctorates holding full-time appointments in graduate departments. Even that proportion drops to 8% if one considers faculty who teach only graduate students.

It is difficult to explain away that distribution of women faculty, especially if one accounts only for those who hold the Ph.D., in the manner of one part of the Commission's study. It is impossible to explain the distribution away if one knows also that in the period between 1920 and the present, the proportion of Ph.D.'s granted to women has never fallen below 17%, which is its lowest point, and has usually been closer to 30% than to 20%. For other modern languages, where the pattern is somewhat more erratic, the lowest point is well above 20% and there are several highs above 30%. In short, if we look at the proportion of doctorates granted women during the last fifty years of the profession, that figure is on the average well over 25%. It is clear enough, therefore, that there has been a supply of women doctorates sufficient to fill those associate and full professor ranks proportionately, and in all kinds of institutions.

How, then, do we account for the pattern? Large scale admission of women to graduate schools; widespread distribution of women to high school departments, to community colleges; moderate distribution to some four-year colleges, though at lower ranks, and only token appearance in university departments. It is the inevitable product of a successful series of interlocking social, political, and economic arrangements. Women, convinced of their inferiority long before they get to graduate school, find further verification for these feelings in the scarcity of women professors with whom to study. Without such models of possibility, women have for fifty years kept their alleged "place" in the profession by passing through male-controlled graduate departments, absorbing the explicit lessons of the superiority of traditional scholarship over teaching, the implicit lessons of male dominance and female inferiority.

I am not arguing, in case there is any doubt, in favor of the traditional scholastic values of the profession: publish, diminish your teaching load, aim at graduate courses. But it is obvious enough that even in terms of those values, women have faced serious discrimination. More important for all of us, I believe, is that demeaning attitudes towards "women's work" in the profession—the teaching of freshman and sophomore courses—

may help to perpetuate those outworn scholastic values. Since the publication of Nevitt Sanford's *The American College* in 1962, and certainly since Berkeley in 1964, we have all given at least lip service to platitudes about the importance of teaching. Yet no one can seriously maintain that the reward system in the profession—money, mobility, prestige, even a job—has begun to reflect the value placed on teaching. Quite the contrary: in Maryland, for example, English department faculty in the University teach three courses, a civilized load, it is said; at the state colleges, the load is four; in community colleges, it is five courses, generally including three sections of composition. And I need not tell you which institutions employ the greatest proportion of women, and which institution is able to offer the highest salaries and best facilities.

If the pattern of distributing women in the profession helps maintain its established values, it is also a useful way to gain cheap labor for an essential job: the teaching of English and other modern languages. For let no one tell me that the teacher of language and literature is a trivial vestige of another era: she is powerful, whether she is tool or instrument, and she can learn to be instrument. When I accepted the job as Chairwoman of the Commission on Women, I made it clear to the MLA Council that I was not interested in promoting a few more token women in the profession. I was not really interested in professionalizing masses of women either, if one understands professionalizing to include the ruination of good teachers through forced publication and research. I was interested in changing the lives of women, and I considered the English and language teacher second to none in importance, if that job is to be done. The English teacher—from primary grades through graduate school—helps control an individual's sense of identity and meaning as well as the concept of culture that individuals carry around with them. Literature and language, as we sometimes forget, do teach values, do shape images and perceptions of self, of society, and of how these are related. Even if the teacher is silent about such values, the literature, of course, is not. Writers, literary critics, editors, and teachers have, in fact, helped to misshape our perceptions about the nature and roles of women.

We have three complex needs to satisfy together in the next several years, perhaps the next decade. First, to prevent backsliding, especially in relation to the admission of women to graduate programs, but also in relation to whatever small gains women have made in the late sixties—and this in a period that will continue to reflect the general overproduction of Ph.D.'s. But even as the job market tightens, discrimination against women can only increase their anger and militancy. Letters like this one are still being posted on bulletin boards of major universities:

> The Department of Foreign Languages . . . seeks a young (26-40), married male Ph.D. in French with substantial residence in France, and with some publication, or promise of it, to head the French section of this department. He must be truly scholarly and seriously interested in French literature and enjoy teaching it, but he must also be willing to teach at lower levels . . . .

Last year I did not have such letters in hand; and this year I am omitting the name of the department and the chairman; but he will be informed that such letters are not only in bad taste—they break the law.

Second, in the next several years we must also work to change the study of literature so that it does not continue the sexual sterotyping of its tradition. Third, and most important, we must work to change the education we offer to masses of people, men and women alike. The profession represented here in MLA rests (and often uneasily) on a base of women teachers of English and other modern languages in public schools and in community colleges. And if they are in difficulty, if the curriculum they offer is not all it should be, if graduate students are badly prepared for the world beyond the campus, some of the burden of responsibility falls upon us, or at least upon those who control, or who could change, graduate departments.

Even as we in MLA must acknowledge responsibility for discriminating against women, women must also now begin to assume new responsibilities in the profession. For too long we have apologized for our pleasure in teaching or in our students. For too long we have foregone our own literary tastes, our ideas of significant scholarship, looking to men in the profession to write the textbooks, edit the anthologies, editions, and selections, even of women writers. For too long we have ourselves ignored women writers and offered to our students a male-dominated curriculum and a male-centered criticism.

In the next decade, I expect that we will discover other Kate Chopins, women like Rebecca Harding, perhaps, to add to the curriculum; we will rescue not only Emily Bronte but Margaret Fuller from the hands of male critics. As our own status changes, as our understanding of the social role of women grows, we will help not only those women who happen to be in our profession, or those who happen to be our students, but because our work is in language and literature, we will be able to reach all women, everywhere. Perhaps we can spread these radical words of Margaret Fuller:

> I believe that at present women are the best helpers of one another.
>
> Let them think, let them act, till they know what they need.
>
> We only ask of men to remove arbitrary barriers. Some would like to do more. But I believe it needs that Woman show herself in her native dignity to teach them how to aid her their minds are so encumbered by tradition.[6]

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[6] "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," in *Margaret Fuller: American Romantic*, ed. Perry Miller (Anchor Books, 1963), now out of print.

ELAINE SHOWALTER

Women and the Literary Curriculum

PRESIDENT PUSEY OF HARVARD once remarked that the draft for Vietnam might take so many young men that the graduate schools would be left with the blind, the lame, and the women. Whether the blind and the lame have indeed moved in, I do not know; but the women we have always with us. In the graduate schools they are in fact a majority. As for undergraduate schools, the trend towards coeducation makes it likely that we will all be teaching women before long, if we are not doing so already. Therefore I would like to look at the literary curriculum today, not from the viewpoint of the administrator or the professor, but from the viewpoint of the woman student, who is its prime consumer.

Let us imagine a woman student entering college to major in English literature. In her freshman year she would probably study literature and composition, and the texts in her course would be selected for their timeliness, or their relevance, or their power to involve the reader, rather than for their absolute standing in the literary canon. Thus she might be assigned any one of the texts which have recently been advertised for Freshman English: an anthology of essays, perhaps such as *The Responsible Man,* "for the student who wants literature relevant to the world in which he lives," or *Conditions of Men,* or *Man in Crisis: Perspectives on the Individual and His World,* or again, *Representative Men: Cult Heroes of Our Time,* in which the thirty-three men represent such categories of heroism as the writer, the poet, the dramatist, the artist, and the guru, and the only two women included are the Actress Elizabeth Taylor, and The Existential Heroine Jacqueline Onassis.

Perhaps the student would read a collection of stories like *The Young Man in American Literature: The Initiation Theme,* or sociological literature like *The Black Man and the Promise of America.* In a more orthodox literary program, she might study the eternally relevant classics, such as *Oedipus;* as a professor remarked in a recent issue of *College English,* all of us want to kill our fathers and marry our mothers. And whatever else she might read, she would inevitably arrive at the favorite book of all Freshmen English courses, the classic of adolescent rebellion, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.*

By the end of her freshman year, a woman student would have learned something about intellectual neutrality; she would be learning, in fact, how to think like a man. And so she would go on, increasingly with male professors to guide her. What would she encounter for the next three years? I looked at the syllabi for all the courses offered in the

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Elaine Showalter is an Assistant Professor of English at Douglass College of Rutgers University. She read this paper at the MLA Forum on the Status of Women in the Profession, Dec. 27, 1970.

English Department of the women's college I attended as an undergraduate. In the twenty-one courses beyond the freshman level offered by the department, there were listed 313 male writers, including such luminaries as William Shenstone, James Barrie and Dion Boucicault; and seventeen women writers: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Anne Bradstreet, Mrs. Centlivre, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, George Eliot, Margaret Fuller, Emily Dickinson, Sarah Orne Jewett, Lady Gregory, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, Marianne Moore, Gertrude Stein, and Djuna Barnes. This list is in some respects eccentric, I assume; Mrs. Centlivre and Lady Gregory may not be universally popular, and surely there are departments somewhere teaching Christina Rossetti, Edith Wharton, and Ellen Glasgow, to name a few surprising omissions. But I think we can all recognize the truth of the relative proportions of men to women on the reading lists. A quick check of some standard two-volume anthologies reveals a similar imbalance; the *Norton Anthology*, for example, includes 169 men and six women: *American Poetry and Prose* lists eighty-six men and ten women.

In the gallery of the literary curriculum, there will thus be very few portraits of the artist as a young woman. Women will figure much more prominently in literary history in their relation to male artists, as martyred mothers, pathetic sisters, and difficult wives: Frances Trollope, Dorothy Wordsworth, Alice James, Zelda Fitzgerald, Caitlin Thomas. And they will be still more conspicuous as subjects of the male intellect and imagination. Students will surely encounter the myths of female sexuality as seen by Hardy and Lawrence, and the wonders of childbirth as seen by Sterne and Hemingway. As they study the long and honorable tradition of literary misogyny, women students will learn to suppress their partisan fury towards Milton and Swift. Feminism as a political philosophy will be mentioned apologetically, if at all, with regard to Mary Wollstonecraft or Virginia Woolf, and passed over entirely with regard to John Stuart Mill or Shaw.

Women students will therefore perceive that literature, as it is selected to be taught, confirms what everything else in the society tells them: that the masculine viewpoint is considered normative, and the feminine viewpoint divergent. In the literary curriculum the woman writer is by definition "minor," recommended perhaps, but not required; likely to be a recluse, childless, or even mad, and yet lacking the phosphorescent glamor of the doomed male artist. In short, a woman studying English literature is also studying a different culture, to which she must bring the adaptability of the anthropologist.

What are the effects of this long apprenticeship in negative capability on the self-image and the self-confidence of women students? The masculine culture, reinforced by the presence of a male author and, usually, a male professor, is so all-encompassing that few women students can sustain the sense of a positive feminine identity in the face of it. Women are estranged from their own experience and unable to perceive its shape and authenticity, in part because they do not see it mirrored and given resonance by literature. Instead they are expected to identify as readers with a masculine experience and perspective, which is presented as the human one. As critics, too, they are required to maintain this identification.

Since they have no faith in the validity of their own perceptions and experiences, rarely seeing them confirmed in literature, or accepted in criticism, can we wonder that women students are so often timid, cautious, and insecure when we exhort them to "think for themselves"? Women notoriously lack the happy confidence, the exuberant sense of the value of their individual observations as a check upon the abstractions in the classroom, which enables men to risk making fools of themselves for the sake of an idea. Indeed, women are all too frequently passive and dependent in class, not only with hostile male professors, but also with indulgent ones; not only with embittered female professors, but also with encouraging ones.

We have customarily dealt with these problems, with the reverent hush of the women students, with their reluctance to clash with each other or with their professors, by sympathetic attention to individuals, or by coercion, or by emphasizing, a la Huxley, the need for some dependable academic Betas. One professor was recently quoted, for example, as saying that his women graduate students were dull, of course, but "more patient and systematic than men," and likely to do very well with bibliographic problems. The ideal for education has been to treat all students alike, to teach the same curriculum in the same way to everybody, with the pretense that this guarantees each student equal opportunity. But women do not have equal opportunity either in the society or in the classroom, where they learn that with a handful of exceptions, writers of their own sex are ignored, ridiculed, or scorned. Preferable to the myth of equal opportunity is a curriculum which recognizes differences and attempts to compensate for a socially limiting self-image at the same time that it teaches an important and neglected area of culture.

The concept of Women's Studies has already had considerable impact in other disciplines. Over 100 courses dealing with women have been introduced at the college level; more than a quarter of these are in the field of literature. My own experience has been with a variety of courses in English literature concentrating on feminine identity and achievement.

To freshman women I have taught three versions of a course called "The Educated Woman in Literature." Its purpose is three-fold: first, to study the image of the educated woman in twentieth-century literature; second, to consider the relationship between social and political change and literary stereotypes; and third, to enable women students to confront in their own lives the effects of sex-role conditioning on the educational process. In general, I have tried to structure the class to allow students the maximum degree of self-determination, because it seems to me essential that they overthrow their inertia and learn how to direct their own education, that they gain some experience in decision-making; that they learn how to discuss and debate ideas forcefully, and that they write with strength, confidence, and commitment. In short, the reading about educated women is related to the students' own development, and both the reading and the structure of the class are designed to help students overcome their feelings of inadequacy and passivity, and to begin to take themselves seriously as competent and articulate individuals.

We begin by extensive reading and discussion of non-fiction about contemporary feminism, ranging from texts as familiar as *The Feminine Mystique* to the more recent, specialized, and controversial publications of the Women's Liberation Movement. This introductory reading is essential, because it raises the students' consciousness of their feminine identity, and awakens them to awareness of their own experience. Catholic girls, for example, begin to see a distinctive, potentially literary shape to their lives, which they can then recognize as expressed by Mary McCarthy or Bernadette Devlin. Most of the semester is devoted to reading fiction and poetry concerned with the education and the vocation of women; merely discovering that such literature exists can encourage students who have grown accustomed to the fictional female stereotypes of the beautiful and the damned.

Two of the three required papers demand analysis of feminine themes in modern literature. For the third paper, I try to experiment more with the possibilities inherent in the title of the course, "The Educated Woman." The students decide together what they will write for this paper, individually or as a group, about their own education. This past semester they decided to write a history of their shared experience in the course—their evolving consciousness of a feminine perspective as well as their responses to the reading and discussion—and have it reproduced for distribution to the next class in the spring.

My students have been enthusiastic and highly motivated, in part because they have the opportunity to participate in a pioneering field; good papers not only circulate in the classroom, but may hold interest for the college community, and occasionally, for the press. One result of their involvement is that the students' critical ability and particularly their writing has improved significantly during the semesters of this course. My primary concern is to foster such improvement. I do not, however, recommend that freshmen courses on women be established merely for the sake of better writing. Women are not just another special interest group among students who can be lured into identification with their reading, and thereby motivated to produce better criticism. Ideally, introductory courses focussing on women could serve as the academic equivalent of decontamination chambers, helping freshmen women unlearn some of the damaging patterns of behavior to which they have been conditioned, and preparing them to make the fullest use of their education and their lives.

Entirely different emphases, however, prevail in upper-level courses, in which the essential questions relate to achievement, rather than identity. This spring, for example, I am teaching a lecture course on the woman writer in the twentieth century, in which we are discussing thirty-five American and English authors from Kate Chopin to Susan Sontag. Such segregation may be offensive to traditionalists, who feel that Kate Chopin should fight for her place against Stephen Crane on an open market; or to some feminists who resent any implication that the woman writer is a different species than her male counterpart. Yet there are practical and intellectual reasons for establishing some separate courses dealing with women writers, who represent, after all, the second oldest female profession.

To the feminists, first, I would say that we cannot change literary history or reinterpret a tradition overnight. We cannot create women writers where they do not exist, and we must recognize that in English literature few exist before the nineteenth century. Women writers should not be studied as a distinct group on the assumption that they write alike, or even display stylistic resemblances distinctively feminine. But women do have a special literary history susceptible to analysis, which includes such complex considerations as the economics of their relation to the literary marketplace; the effects of social and political changes in women's status upon individuals, and the implications of stereotypes of the woman writer and restrictions of her artistic autonomy.

To the traditionalists I would say that the contribution of women writers has been ignored too long. Although I would like to see more women on the reading lists, I would not anticipate more from that sort of reform at present than appeasement or tokenism, the addition of Aphra Behn or Elizabeth Barrett Browning. An entire course makes more sense, because when women are studied as a group, their history and experience reveal patterns which are almost impossible to perceive if they are studied only in their relation to male writers. In the modern languages, where 55% of the graduate students are women, it seems important to recognize that this experience and this tradition exist; to acknowledge that women have created literature and are not merely handmaidens to it.

Finally, there are vast curricular possibilities for thematic courses or seminars dealing with sexual identity and literature. My husband and I taught a seminar together on "Sexual Themes in American Novels of the 1960's," in which we considered sexual stereotypes, literary treatment of the erotic, obscenity and pornography in contemporary fiction, contrasting uses of sexual themes by male and female authors. Reading included *Couples*, *The Group*, *The American Dream*, and *Portnoy's Complaint*, as well as a wide selection of underground and popular fiction, most of it chosen by students; and background material in psychology, sociology, and law. We discovered several consistent and irreconcilable differences of critical interpretation which depended on the sex of the reader. Men, for example, liked the lyrical rhapsodies on erotic themes in *Couples*, while women found them slightly absurd; on the other hand, men found the sexual descriptions in *The Group* deliberately mocking and sardonic, while women insisted that they were merely realistic.

Topics for such seminars, many of which would offer excellent opportunities for team teaching, are numerous. The MLA membership has in fact voted in favor of the resolution for new courses in the humanities, as described by Lillian Robinson in the *Newsletter* last March, courses investigating "stereotypes of sexual attributes; social influence of literary fantasy; gender as a factor in critical point of view; the female body as symbol; literary investigations of female psychology; literature intended for the female audience; and literary relations between sex and style."

Therefore, for those who cannot wholeheartedly adopt my approach to teaching, an admittedly radical one which concerns itself with the effects of education on the students' lives, as well as on their minds, there are yet many possibilities in courses for women and about them. Even a conservative literary curriculum should include consideration of the woman writer, the image of women in literature, and the literary treatment of feminism. We can at least rid our disciplines, and ourselves, of anti-feminine bias. The very term "feminine," applied to literature, has been a pejorative. It is simply not true, as a colleague once told me, that women have written no autobiographies worth teaching, or, as Nor-man Mailer claims, that all lady writers are quaintsy, dikey, or bitchy.

Further, we can all develop sensitivity to the masculine tone of much of our literature and criticism. Anaesthetized to a masculine terminology, we often overlook its implications. In Wordsworth's dictum that "the poet is a man speaking to men," for example, the poet is male and the audience is mixed, since Wordsworth invariably used the term "poetess" for a woman, and since women of his day figured significantly as an audience for poetry, but not in its composition. Such a distinction becomes meaningful when Wordsworth's statement is quoted in criticism of Anne Sexton, as in a recent issue of the *Partisan Review*.[1] Literary history affords us infinite contrasts of masculine and feminine experience, from the broadest considerations of the themes of courtly love, romantic love, and seduction, to biographic contrasts between individual writers.

Having their experience dignified by inclusion in the literary curriculum would not work miracles for women students, but it would be an important recognition of the value of the feminine perspective. For the more radical teacher, male or female, teaching women could be the new frontier of education. The willingness of women teachers to make relevant aspects of their personal lives accessible to their students, the willingness of men teachers to forego the privileges of male authority, could have enormous influences on the ways women students visualize themselves and their future roles. Through the discovery of women's history and achievements, they might develop a new faith in the validity of their own thoughts and feelings. At the least, we might anticipate such attention to produce livelier classes, serious and committed writing, and a higher level of ambition in women students. But I think it would also carry over to other areas of the students' lives, and that a generation of confident women students might produce a new and exciting feminist criticism, and perhaps even a new literature.

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[1] G. S. Fraser, "Public Voices," *Partisan Review*, No. 2 (1970), p. 300.

SYLLABUS FOR ENGLISH 235s: *The Woman Writer in the 20th Century*
* = Required reading

Feb. 5: The 19th century woman writer
  Patricia Thomson, *The Victorian Heroine: A Changing Ideal*
  Helen Papashvily, *All the Happy Endings*
  Louis Auchincloss, *Pioneers and Caretakers: A Study of Nine American Women Novelists*
  Alice Crozier, *The Novels of Harriet Beecher Stowe*

Feb. 9: Stereotypes of women writers
  *Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*
  *Elaine Showalter, ed. *Women's Liberation and Literature:*
    Read G. H. Lewes, "The Lady Novelists;" E. B. Browning, *Aurora Leigh*, Bk. II; J. S. Mill, *The Subjection of Women*, Ch. III.

Feb. 12: The feminine ideal and rebellion
  Sarah Orne Jewett, *A Country Doctor*
  *Mary Austin, *Earth Horizon*, pp. 126-158; 330-354; *A Woman of Genius*

Olive Schreiner, *The Story of an African Farm*
Mary E. Freeman, *A New England Nun*

Feb. 16: Rebellion and repression
*Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*

Feb. 19: The suffrage movement
*William O'Neill, *Everyone Was Brave; The Rise and Fall of Feminism in America*, Ch. II
David Mitchell, *The Fighting Pankhursts*
Mary Johnston, *Hagar*
Margaret Deland, *The Rising Tide*
*Edna St. Vincent Millay, *A Few Figs from Thistles*

Feb. 23: Impressionism and feminism
Dorothy Richardson, *Pilgrimage*, Vol. I
Katherine Mansfield, "Bliss"; "Je ne parle pas français"

Feb. 26: Virginia Woolf
*Virginia Woolf, *Mrs. Dalloway*
Herbert Marder, *Feminism and Art*
Leonard Woolf, *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*

Mar. 2: Expatriates and rebels
Gertrude Stein, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*
Djuna Barnes, *Nightwood*
Radclyffe Hall, *The Well of Loneliness*
Zelda Fitzgerald, *Save Me the Waltz*
Nancy Milford, *Zelda*

Mar. 5-12: Regionalism
*Ellen Glasgow, *The Woman Within; Barren Ground*
Willa Cather, *My Antonia*
Elizabeth Madox Roberts, *The Time of Man*

Mar. 19: Marx and Freud
*In Showalter, read Farnham and Lundberg, "Woman's Psyche;" Friedan, "The Sexual Solipsism of Sigmund Freud"
Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, *The Woman Question*
Marie Bonaparte, *Female Sexuality*
Ruth and Edward Brecher, *Analysis of Human Sexual Response*

Mar. 30-April 2: Mary McCarthy
*Mary McCarthy, *The Group; Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*

Apr. 6-9: Women living politically
*Lillian Hellman, *An Unfinished Woman*
Doris Lessing, *The Golden Notebook*
Susan Sontag, "Trip to Hanoi," *Esquire*, December 1968

Apr. 13: Southern regionalism
*Carson McCullers, *Member of the Wedding*
Flannery O'Connor, *A Good Man is Hard to Find*

Apr. 16: Black women writers
*Toni Cade, ed., *The Black Woman*
Gwendolyn Brooks, *Maud Martha*
Ann Petry, *The Street*
Sarah E. Wright, *This Child's Gonna Live*
Paule Marshall, *The Chosen Place, the Timeless People*

Apr. 20: Racism, sexism and literature
Eldridge Cleaver, *Soul on Ice*
LeRoi Jones, *Dutchman*
Calvin Hernton, *Sex and Racism in America*

Apr. 27-May 4
*Sylvia Plath, *Ariel*
*Poems by women: Elizabeth Sargent, Anne Sexton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Adrienne Rich, Marilyn Hacker, Diane Wakoski, Mona Van Duyn, Alice Ostriker

May 7: Fiction by women and feminine consciousness
*Joyce Carol Oates, *Expensive People*
*Tillie Olsen, *Tell Me a Riddle*
Read one of the following:
  Alison Lurie, *Real People; The Nowhere City; Love and Friendship*
  Margaret Drabble, *Jerusalem the Golden; The Waterfall*
  Nell Dunn, *Poor Cow*
  Penelope Mortimer, *The Pumpkin Eater*
  Edna O'Brien, *The Girl with Green Eyes*
  Joan Didion, *Play It as It Lays*
  Marge Piercy, *Dance the Eagle to Sleep*
  Margaret Atwood, *The Edible Woman*

May 11-14: Women's liberation and art
*Read in Showalter: Kate Millett, "Theory of Sexual Politics"; Mary Ellmann, "Phallic Criticism"; Hortense Calisher, "No Important Woman Writer."
Tillie Olsen, "Silences—When Writers Don't Write," *Harper's*, 1965.
Susan Sontag, *Against Interpretation*

FLORENCE HOWE

Identity and Expression: A Writing Course for Women

MY WOMEN STUDENTS consistently consider women writers (and hence themselves, though that is not said outright) inferior to men. If women believe themselves inferior writers, so it will be. Why should naturally inferior writers attempt anything ambitious? How to convince young women that their self-images grow not from their biology but from centuries of *belief* in their inferiority, as well as from male-dominated and controlled institutions? How to convince them of this when even the brightest of them reviews the past in a lengthy essay and concludes that since there have been few great intellectual women, women must be inferior as a biological group?

A device I began to use two or three years ago was helpful in that it allowed me to bring the problem directly to my students, as well as to assess some of its depth and complexity. On the first day of class, after I had talked about the course a bit, enough to establish the beginnings of a non-threatening atmosphere, I asked students to write for ten minutes on their assessment of themselves as writers: do they like to write? what are their "hangups" about writing? I read the papers and returned them the next day marked only with + or — signs, or occasionally with a +— or a —+. I was attempting to gauge, crudely of course, their self-images as writers. If there was a sign of pleasure or achievement, I rated them +; if there was none –only a legend of pain or failure–I rated them —. Some of the pain ranged from "I never enjoy writing" to "When I have to write anything, I get a headache for the whole day before." More serious still were the self-indictments: "My English teacher last year said I can't think logically"; or "I don't have any ideas"; or "I don't have any imagination"; or "I can't write anything really interesting." I have never had more than six "positives" from a group of 15 or 20; in my last group of 15, there were 14 "negatives." I have used this device to initiate discussion about why students feel as they do: do such feelings reflect the alleged inferiority of women? do they indict the teaching of composition? etc. Such discussions have led to admissions from many students that they secretly want to write, that they should like to have "ideas" and "imagination," but that they feel it's too late for them. They are asking to be told, of course, that it is not too late, and I certainly oblige.

There was some correlation between

Florence Howe wrote this article in the summer of 1970 as a response to letters inquiring about her manner of teaching "consciousness." Though it was not meant for publication, it is included in this issue of CE *at the Editor's request.*

those students who liked to write and those who could; also between those who liked to write and those who kept some sort of journal or wrote lengthy and elaborate letters daily. For several terms I asked the students to bring a journal-notebook to class each day and to spend the time from arrival to ten minutes past the bell writing in that book. I used the time in the same way. In another term, I asked that students write for ten or fifteen minutes each day in a journal outside of class. In still another variation, I asked that students keep a journal that recorded what went on in each hour of class, though they were to write in it in the evenings. In all cases, students were not obliged to show me their journals, though some wished to do so; in conference, we usually discussed the effect of journal-writing. And in all cases, students reported at least a notable rise in fluency: those students able to write only twenty words in the first ten-minute session, for example, were writing several pages long before the end of the term.

The group experience for women is a particularly crucial one for several reasons. If they have come from co-ed classes, they have experienced the domination by men of intellectual discussion; if they have come from a women's high school, they may still never have had serious discussion with their peers, and with an adult present, about the nature of women's lives. In either case, they have been taught to dislike each other, to regard other women as competitors for men's favors. Intense group discussion about their lives is meant to build students' respect for one another even as it should allow them to trust themselves to sustain intellectual discussion—and hence to attempt it in writing.

There are several associated problems in this regard. The passivity and dependency of women students—these characteristics are of course not innate but socially conditioned in schools and the culture at large—need special attention, as does their avoidance of conflict. The role of the teacher in the open-ended group discussions is, therefore, important. Obviously, it is helpful for students to have before them a model of a strong woman teacher-intellectual. At the same time, given the social conditioning of freshman women, a strong woman may arouse negative reactions. Assuming a relatively unobtrusive role in the classroom, on the other hand, may also arouse some negative reactions, especially from those who want what they have been accustomed to: directions that tell them clearly "what the teacher wants" so that they may continue their passive-dependent patterns. Since it is important to break those patterns, I have risked the anger or bewilderment of students, calculating that it may be of benefit to the group as well as to individuals. On the whole I have been correct, though I was not always wise enough (especially in the beginning) to rescue those students for whom independence was terrifyingly traumatic.

Once women students feel confidence in the possibility of their functioning as intellectuals, they can choose whether they wish to commit themselves to the work involved. Writing is hard work; thinking is hard work. Women are trained in school and out to follow directions well—which means passivity. It is not that passive-dependent people don't work conscientiously at a given job; but such people find it easier to be told what to do than to figure it out for themselves, or even to decide what they really *want* to do.

If the first aspect of the theory of teaching women to write involves the breaking of passive-dependent patterns and assumptions of inferiority, the second has to do with informing them about the processes of social conditioning, helping them to analyze sexual stereotyping and to grow conscious of themselves as women. Hence the theme of the course is explicitly "the identity of *women*." In the sections that follow, I shall describe course materials as well as procedures. Here I will add only one more note about theory. Consciousness or knowing fosters power and control: all of these terms are essential for the writer, even as they are also political terms. None of a teacher's theory, therefore—at least if she is intent upon helping her students to free themselves—should be a secret from them. I did not know this to begin with, nor did I know all the "theory" that I have presented here—it has grown into theory from the five years and fifteen courses of experiences. But from relatively early on, I have tried to be open about why I asked students to do particular things; or why I was interested in experimenting with the journal-writing, for example. While I do not tend to spend time lecturing about anything in this course, I have taken some of the first hour to explain at least my theory about the ways in which reading and discussion are related to writing. I also state such facts as: I do not put grades on themes; no themes are ever classified as "late"; the class is to agree on a schedule, though individuals can establish their own deviations from it or even their own patterns; I do not take attendence; no reading is required; there are no exams; etc. At the same time, I try to explain that a writer learns to write by writing, that the class and individuals in it are responsible for arranging a schedule that will spread themes through the term and so allow for rewriting and improvement.

II

How the Course Works: Just as the material above summarized what was in fact a cumulative development, what follows is a summary of fifteen different classroom patterns. The individual pattern is always a result both of what I have learned from previous experiences and of the particular nature of any single class. Thus, when I have had two sections in one term, their patterns have been different. In each case, however, my purpose has been identical, and in each case I have told the class as much of it as I then understood: to improve their ability to write through helping them to understand their own social identities as women and their potential as feeling and thinking people. I shall describe the three aspects of the course—reading, discussion, and writing—separately, but of course in practice they are always going on at the same time.

About the Readings: (Section III contains an annotated bibliography). In the beginning, I relied on readings to begin discussions and as early subjects of themes. Of late, I have been freer to begin with the lives of students. In the beginning, I could count on a negative reaction from women students to the reading list: "too many lady writers" was a typical comment, often stated sneeringly. Of late, particularly this past year, I have felt a decided shift in attitude, less hostility and more interest in the subject. This past year, for the first time, I used underground literature from women's liberation; this past year also, students brought in those issues of national magazines that had devoted special attention to the subject of women. Some of this provoked, I might add, some analytical papers on women's magazines.

To students bored with the readings, I suggested looking at children's books or school texts, and from them I had papers and reports on such subjects as sexual stereotyping in third-grade arithmetics.

No readings have been "required," in the sense that students were to be tested on content. It was clear enough, however, that discussions died or had to be diverted when an insufficient number of people had read what the group had decided to read. If that was the case, we usually talked about the reasons: if the text agreed upon was declared "boring," we talked about why and decided whether to try it again or to go on to something else. When students decided to read Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*, not one turned out not to have read it to the end; when students decided to read James's *Washington Square*, on the other hand, only a few had read far into the novel on the day it was to be discussed. We spent perhaps half a dozen hours on the Chopin book, and only one on the James. Almost all students wrote essays on the Chopin book; one or two on the James. I have ordered as many as ten paperbacks for a ten-week course—a procedure that allows students some choice.

About Writing: The English Department has, in the past, set flexible guidelines for the number and length of themes. Students in my courses have generally written up to twice the amount set by guidelines. Those with special problems of dependency know that they have at least to meet the guidelines. When there were ten weeks to the term and five papers suggested, the class usually agreed on a schedule of a paper every two weeks. Dates were mandatory, not for my convenience, but for the convenience of those writing on the same subject and for those whose job it was to select papers for class discussion. Students were also quick to learn that some writing each day or each week brought rewards they could feel: greater ease and fluency and, especially in rewriting, a sense of control about the development of paragraphs, for example, that they had not had before. I should add also that many students discovered that, under non-threatening conditions, they enjoyed writing; they were willing to experiment, even to "fail," since the worst they might expect was a note from me saying they ought to revise this or that. Thus some students who had never dared to try writing a story or a poem were eager to do so. Others who had never dared to try a difficult intellectual subject—their thoughts about religion, for example—did that. Most were eager to write what some of them began to call an "ideas" or "argument" paper: most had never tried to take a "position" on a subject and literally debate it. This was terribly difficult for many since, typically, women students try to see "both sides," possibly to avoid being part of some "conflict." It is safer to be neutral or "open-minded" if you are a woman. But of course it is difficult, if not impossible, to be a neutral writer.

Since students write at will or at class-arranged will, and with no punitive deadlines established by the teacher, one obvious sign of trauma is the absence of any writing at all from particular students. They need individual attention in conferences, special support, and encouragement. Even so, such students may not begin writing until mid-term. Their pattern has been to write prolifically in the last half or even the last third of the term and to end the term wishing it were the beginning. By the term's end, the writing of these students will not have improved as much as others', but generally the students and I have felt that their gain in self-direction was at least as important an achievement.

If, on the other hand, the course offers freedom and independence to experiment with both form and subject, it also asks women to write several serious essays on themselves and the social conditions of being women. Early essays have been focused either on their own lives or on the lives of characters in novels or on some combination of the two. Usually, students have written "identity" papers during the concluding weeks of the term. But once I asked students to write identity papers early, and the results sparked another set from that group. Several of the students had written very intimately; others had avoided dealing with their lives by theorizing about the idea of identity; and still others had disguised their views in a story or a poem. After discussion, students were interested in trying modes they had not tried before. Discussion served particularly to evoke from those students who had avoided the personal both admiration for those who had not and confessions that they tended not to trust people, especially not a group of women.

On Open-ended Discussion and Open Questions: The purpose of reading is different from what it might be in a literature course. I am not teaching students an interpretation (mine or anyone else's) of literature. I am not leading them—through skilfully arranged questions—to conclusions that I have reached about a novel. I am not conducting Socratic dialogues. Instead, I am establishing a classroom tone and organization in which students may learn to react to literature as well as to analyze those reactions. "React" means to respond to such questions as "Do you like this story?" or "How did the ending make you feel?" or "Did you identify with a particular character?" These are questions designed to evoke affective responses rather than solely cognitive ones—a process that is more difficult than it may seem, since students are school-conditioned not to respond at all but to guess the cognitive response that the teacher is searching for. Even when there is a response, when students learn what this teacher "wants," they are typically puzzled that I expect them to "explain," develop, or defend that response. I want to know "why" they feel as they do, a question that leads both back to the piece of literature and into their own experiences, assumptions, etc. More importantly, the process connects feelings and thoughts and is essential to analysis.

There are problems galore in this kind of discussion: How to keep it from becoming a dialogue between a student (who then feels "picked on") and the teacher? How to keep it from wandering into trivia? How to keep it from petering out altogether? How to decide where to begin on which day? Should the teacher begin each day? How to know which leads from students to follow? How to know when or whether to interrupt a discussion? And so forth. Briefly, the secret for the teacher is to experiment and to be as conscious as possible during the period, even to keep a journal immediately afterwards of what happened. For example, silence is extraordinarily difficult, embarrassing for a group of students, sometimes shocking as well. Try silence for a minute or two. Try it and eye contact at the same time. The purpose of such efforts is not "sensitivity-training" in the ordinary sense, but rather to establish that the teacher is not totally responsible for thought and movement in the circle of discussants. As the term continues, students ought to begin to initiate discussion, either because of something that interested them in the reading—e.g. "I found Edna less appealing as the book went on, and I just couldn't believe that she'd kill herself. What did you think about the ending?"—or because of writing problems—"I found that the topic we'd decided on is impossible, and I have started something else. Is that all right?" —or personal/social problems of possible interest to the class either for discussion or as a possible subject for writing or both—"I invited my brother to come to this class, and the first question he asked me was, 'Have you a man or a woman teacher?' "

An open question is one that facilitates discussion. "How did you feel about . . .?" is perhaps the most open question of all; "Do the rest of you agree?" is another. It is different from a "closed question" in that the answer is not known in advance. Thus, I ask no questions about factual events in a novel. If in the course of discussion someone offers an inaccurate piece of information, another student will usually challenge the error; the issue is settled by referring to the text. The text is authority. If I am asked a question, I answer it, attempting to be precise about whether I am stating "fact" or "opinion." Generally, I conclude by asking what others in the group think. If possible and polite, and if the question is clearly one of opinion, I try to turn it back to students in the group. I still find myself asking "closed" or "leading" questions occasionally; when I do, I stop, explain what I've been doing, and offer the piece of information or opinion instead, as though I were simply a member of the group. As teacher, my problem is to find a role for myself somewhere between the traditional person of authority and a "member of the group." My position depends usually on the relative strength or dependency of the particular group of students.

A Final Note on Attendance and Class Tone: Students don't take notes in this class, nor do I keep attendance records, nor are they ever "tested" on anything that goes on. Why, then, do they attend with special regularity? The question itself has come up with regularity, generally mid-way through or late in the term. Sometimes the student who poses the question does so with some hostility, sometimes with curiosity, sometimes as a joke. The replies have not essentially varied. They amount to the outburst of one student a couple of years ago: "It's just *interesting*—I'm afraid I'm going to miss something if I stay away." My guess is that students are really commenting also on the experience of controlling a classroom. Many of them understand the relationship between that classroom experience and the papers they are writing. Others, struggling with the writing, find the classroom experience rewarding—they can talk even if they can't write! When classes have begun to function as "groups" they have not wished to part. Thus, there are typically scheduled "extra classes" in the last week or weeks of term, as well as lunch sessions or a "party." For some students, the class has become a "reference group," in which they feel free either to try out pieces of writing or to talk of a particular problem or decision. Obviously, this latter has happened relatively rarely, and only of late, when I have known better how to conduct the class.

III

Annotated Bibliography

D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* has been very useful for starting the course, since students enjoy reading the book and are therefore interested in initiating discussions on such topics as the relative guilt of mother or father in their bad relations with each other and with the children; or for identification with either of the two young women in the novel.

Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* proved too complex for the kind of student-initiated discussion that I wanted. Lessing's stories in *A Man and Two Women* were much better for this purpose, even though students by and large considered several of them "horrid" or "unpleasant." I plan to use *Martha Quest*, since it has recently become available again.

Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man:* For several years in a row, no matter what other books I had ordered or what discussions or readings students initiated, I left a week or two at the end for reading and discussion of this book, accompanied by a request for an "identity paper." I used the depth of the papers as a personal gauge of my "success" in raising the consciousness of students. Often, as one might expect, they contained the best writing of the term, since students generally combined in them their own term's experience as well as their ability to analyze what had occurred. Interestingly, students read *Invisible Man* as though it were written about them, not about a black male. They found the concept of invisibility particularly apt.

I experimented with other texts, chiefly *The Group* by Mary McCarthy and some essays and novels of Virginia Woolf. *The Group* aroused more negative feelings than I could deal with except through coercion, possibly because the identification of Goucher students with students in the novel is a potent one. I gave up the struggle with that one after two attempts, but I may return to it. The Woolf materials seemed remote to their lives, and I finally gave them up too.

In the last two years, I have begun to use, as openers in the course, Ibsen's *A Doll's House* followed immediately by Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*, and then later, as students asked for it, *Sons and Lovers*. In the fall of 1970 I began with Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Obviously, I don't believe that a particular group or order of books needs to be fixed. In fact I believe rather that some books need to be changed to suit changing students, but also to relieve the teacher from potential boredom.

Poetry: I tried several volumes of Denise Levertov last year, especially because she was to be on campus for several days. Students were very interested in reading and discussing poems, and in writing them. I found much of this valuable and will repeat the attempt —using other poets coming to campus— though it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to keep students to essay-writing! (For the sake of future text-users, perhaps I should add that Ellen Bass and I are preparing for the University of Massachusetts Press an anthology of poetry by twentieth-century women poets on their conceptions of women.)

Non-fictional Materials: Though I have ordered Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* for class after class, until last year it was largely unread by students. Students never chose to discuss this book in class and rarely brought references from it into their writing or discussion; and yet no class voted to abandon it when I asked at the end of term for suggestions about reading lists for the next term.

For the past three years I have ordered *Women in America* (ed. R. J. Lifton, Beacon Press, 1965, repr. 1970), and occasionally I have asked students to read particular essays for discussion when particular factual questions have come up, especially about sociological or psychological questions. But again there was little independent use of this text before this past year, though students would not vote to abandon it.

This past year I used *Born Female* (Carolyn Bird, Pocket Books, 1970) for the first time, and found that students read it rather disbelievingly. It provoked lively discussions and, in a few cases, papers. More surprisingly, students in another section read and demanded detailed discussion of *The Second Sex.* Both groups shared each others' books and were eager for more material. Anne Moody's *Coming of Age in Mississippi* (Dell, 1968) has recently proved valuable. (From the reactions of my class in the fall of 1970, I suspect that autobiographical materials will be more useful than fiction.)

I put on library reserve—since there wasn't time to order and no available resources here—copies of all the underground women's liberation literature I had. Sources for some of this material are:

New England Free Press, 791 Tremont Street, Boston, 02118
Radical Education Project, Box 561A, Detroit, 48232
Women: A Journal of Liberation, 3028 Greenmount Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21218
Off Our Backs: A Woman's News-Journal, P.O. Box 4589, Cleveland Park Station, Washington, D.C. 20008
It Ain't Me Babe, Berkeley Women's Liberation, P.O. Box 6323, Albany, Calif. 94706
Voice of the Women's Liberation Movement, Joreen Freeman, 5336 South Greenwood, Chicago, 60615
New York Radical Women, 799 Broadway, Room 412, New York 10003
Aphra, Box 332, Springtown, Pa. 19081.
Up from Under, 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012

Two helpful collections are:

Sisterhood is Powerful: An Anthology of Writings from the Women's Liberation Movement (ed. Robin Morgan, Vintage, 1971)
Notes from the Second Year: Women's Liberation (Major writings of the Radical Feminists, a collection of some 35 essays for $1.50. Write to: Notes (From the Second Year): Radical Feminism, P.O. Box AA, Old Chelsea Station, New York, 10011

There are other kinds of materials available from the following sources:

Know, Inc., P.O. Box 10197, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15232
National Organization for Women (NOW), Executive Director, Dolores Alexander, 33 West 93 St., New York, N.Y. 10025
United Nations at UN Place New York. Studies of women around the world.
Women's Bureau, U.S. Dept. of Labor, Washington, D.C. Leaflet #10 lists numerous publications on women, especially as workers. Also available are the original reports of the President's Commission on the Status of Women.
Feminist Press, 5504 Greenspring Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21209

IV

Conclusion: The story of this course has no conclusion, but I should like to indicate one of its possible directions. The growth of my own feminist consciousness has led me back to the theory of teaching composition. As a student and teacher, I learned and then taught conventional methods of organizing papers. I grew skillful at analyzing a student's research and especially the paper she had written, and directing her into a revised outline. I taught many students how to proceed from note-cards to outline to paper-writing. But as I began to write (and the period of my own writing coincides with the period of experimentation I have been describing), I noticed that I did not follow my own precepts. In fact, I could not follow them. Why not? When I began to collaborate on a book with my husband, it was clear that we had two different modes of working. He spent from days to weeks staring into space with a pad before him, working out a detailed outline—all before writing a line. I wrote sometimes as much as 40 or 50 pages—most of which I threw away—before I "knew what I was doing"—which sometimes amounted to an outline. Sometimes the form grew very naturally from the associative process I allowed to develop at the typewriter. At any rate, I began last year to describe both processes to my classes and to ask that students grow conscious of which was theirs or whether theirs was still different. If an understanding of "identity" contributes to "expression," might not a conscious sense of the writing process lead back into the self? and forward again to the written page?

ANNIS PRATT

The New Feminist Criticism

A GOOD DEAL OF THE FICTION by and about women centers upon the heroine's entanglement with patriarchal norms which historically have enforced the forfeiture of the female self by law. "Man and wife are one person," goes a 1632 intepretation of the Common Law, "but understand in what manner. When a small brook or little river incorporateth with Rhodanus, Humber or the Thames, the poor rivulet looseth its name, it is carried and recarried with the new associate, it beareth no sway, it possesseth nothing during coverture. A woman as soon as she is married, is called *covert,* in Latin, *nupta,* that is *veiled,* as it were, clouded and overshadowed, she has lost her streame.... To a married woman, her new self is her superior, her companion, her master."[1] Is it a fear of losing one's psychic "streame," one's unique identity as a human being, that is working deep in the bone of Clarissa Harlowe, Sue Bridehead, Maggie Tulliver, Mrs. Ramsay, Anna Wulf and their American sisters, and can a comprehension of this *malaise* help or hinder our understanding of the literature by and about women?

It is hardly surprising that there is emerging a new feminist criticism to approach such questions. Its pitfalls are so immediately obvious that it seems imperative to consider as dispassionately as possible a typical field that such criticism might survey, the strictures it should impose upon itself and its principal modes of attack. In fiction the field would range from feminist literature narrowly defined as works in which the author's explicit intention is to expose some aspect of sexism, to feminine literature broadly defined as by and about women. At the narrow end of the spectrum we have novels, for example, which probe into woman's situation in the same manner that Steinbeck examined the plight of the dust bowl farmers in ***The Grapes of Wrath;*** at the broader end we have ***Moll Flanders, Clarissa Harlowe, The Mill on the Floss,*** and, more recently, ***Ship of Fools.*** The first task for the new feminist critic will be one of ***identification,*** the searching out and listing of feminist and feminine works. Identifying explicitly feminist fiction for bibliographical purposes is not a difficult matter when it comes to such works as Grant Allen's ***The Woman Who Did*** (1895) or Willa Cather's ***O Pioneers!***

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[1] ***The Lawes Resolutions of Womens Rights; or The Lawes Provision for Women*** (London, 1632), quoted in Eleanor Flexner, ***Century of Struggle*** (Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press, 1968), pp. 7-8.

(1913); there are also, however, a good number of lesser known works such as David Phillips's *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* (1917) and Margaret Culkin Banning's *The Dowry* (1954), which are specifically concerned with the resistance encountered by the woman who, to use Simone de Beauvoir's term, attempts to transcend.

The searching out and listing of feminist fiction has been begun by Joseph Blotner and, less systematically, by Lucinda Cisler; a thorough bibliographical effort, perhaps cooperative, is needed to bring together information now scattered in any number of separate sources.[2] A book-length study is also needed which will do for women's literature in the period 1720-1970 what William York Tindall's *Forces in Modern British Literature, 1885-1956* did for his period: a full-length scholarly and historical survey accompanied by descriptive bibliography.

The bringing of feminist fiction to the light of day will involve two critical skills: the *textual analysis* necessary to determine which works are novelistically successful, and the *contextual analysis* which considers the relevance of a group of works, even if artistically flawed, as a reflection of the situation of women. The new feminist critic should be a "new critic" (in the aesthetic rather than the political sense) in judging the formal aspects of individual texts; she should be "feminist" in going beyond formalism to consider literature as it reveals men and women in relationship to each other within a socio-economic *context*, that web of role expectations in which women are enmeshed. That she should be a "new" rather than an "old feminist" will become clear a little later.

Ann Snitow's analysis of the cellular family in the fiction of Ivy Compton-Burnett (*Aphra*, Autumn 1970) is an example of the mixture of textual and contextual criticism that needs to be done. Book-length studies are needed on such broader questions as the links tying such novelists as Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Ellen Glasgow and Edith Wharton (and such poets as Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale and Elinor Wylie) to the progressive movement, which might in turn explain the upsurge of explicitly feminist fiction written between 1890 and 1930. "The effects of the growing women's movement are apparent in the literature of the time," writes Herbert Marder of England in the nineteenth century—"many important writers were influenced by feminist ideas, and a significant part of the social criticism in Victorian novels has to do with the grievances of women."[3] Similarly, the whole range of the sentimental novel needs to be re-examined from a new feminist perspective.[4]

Immediately to one side of explicit feminist fiction, and often overlapping it, there is a literature by avowed feminists which can only be described as deliberately oblique on the woman question. Larzer Ziff has described how Constance Cary Harrison, Gertrude Atherton and their sisters at the turn of the century, in order "to give themselves more freedom . . . dealt with a heroine who had two successive marriages. The first was the crucial one, and the dependence upon men was attacked as the marriage's inadequacies were detailed."[5] By this subterfuge Harrison's *Bachelor Maid* (1894) passed through the portals of gentility while *Sister Carrie, Jude the Obscure*, George Moore's *Esther Waters* and Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth* were met by storms of patriarchal abuse.

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[2] See Joseph Blotner, *The Modern American Political Novel* (Austin: The University of Texas Press, 1966), pp. 164-190; Lucinda Cisler, *Women: A Bibliography* (New York: private printing, 1970); Sheila Tobias, *Female Studies No. 1*, and Florence Howe *Female Studies No. 2* (Pittsburgh: Know, Inc., 1970).

[3] Herbert Marder, *Feminism & Art, A Study of Virginia Woolf* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968), p. 7.

[4] See Fred Pattee's *The Feminine Fifties;* Larzer Ziff's *The American 1890s;* B. G. McCarthey's *The Female Pen, Women Writers and their Contribution to the English Novel, 1621-1744;* and Hazel Mews' *Frail Vessels, Women's Role in Women's Novels from Fanny Burney to George Eliot.*

Critics thus need to examine the relationship between oblique approaches to feminism and the economic demands of the fiction market in the same way that they have brought interesting insights to the works of the Victorian novelists through analysis of the prerequisites of serial publication. The contextual critic must pass by the chimeras of "intentional fallacy" and aesthetic distaste for economics when analyzing an author's use of a marketable fictional convention as a deflecting mask for feminism. Such craftswomen as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins Freeman and Kate Chopin, during the same period that Harrison guided *Bachelor Maid* through the presses, managed to publish carefully wrought stories about gentle separatists, the confinement of spinsterhood and the indelicacies of race mixing by passing as local colorists. Here the new feminist critic must consider certain fictional conventions as politico-economic strategies without for a moment suspending her critical judgement.

As we move toward the broader range of feminist fiction we will find novels written by persons with known sentiments about the woman question but who approach it obliquely because of novelistic considerations. The same person who when writing expository prose will present her feminism directly may, because of fictional prerequisites, deflect her message through the conventions of plot, character, imagery and thematic structure so that its effect is dramatic rather than polemical. Herbert Marder has remarked of Virginia Woolf that "Her desire to play the [feminist] moralist was in conflict with her artistic conscience," a conflict that created the tensional energy upon which her novels were built. Marder requires us to take her feminism in the broad sense of an "intense awareness of her identity as a woman. . . . its meaning," he rightly concludes, "should not be restricted to the advocacy of women's rights" (*Feminism & Art*, p. 2).

Similarly, Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* has been taken to be a model of what the author, in some dismay, described to Florence Howe as "a work of latter-day feminism" although her intention in writing it was to create a careful fictional construction centering upon "a complex of ideas which could be described as left—and which were born with the French Revolution."[6] The question of woman's freedom in *The Golden Notebook* requires both textual analysis of the intricate and ironic juxtapositions which form the tensional structure of the novel and a contextual analysis which goes beyond the question of the emancipation of women to the quest of men and women for liberty since 1789. Here, as in Lessing's *Children of Violence* novels, Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* and, to a slightly lesser extent, Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage*, we are dealing with a fiction which includes a brilliant exploration of woman's existential situation *within* a carefully orchestrated treatment of other and broader human conflicts and relationships—a genre which I would define as encyclopedic feminism.

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[5] Larzer Ziff, *The American 1890s* (New York: Viking Press, 1961), p. 279.

[6] Florence Howe, "Talk With Doris Lessing: Excerpts from an Interview," *Nation*, 6 March 1967, p. 312.

At the broadest range of the spectrum we have these novels which are unintentionally if implicity feminist and of concern because of their place in the literature of women. Here the new feminist critic is likely to encounter the kind of abuse that Hazel Mews met at the hands of the *London Times Literary Supplement* reviewer of her *Frail Vessels* (1969). The problem was that the reviewer's definition of feminist fiction was too narrow: a feminist, he felt, would be a dogmatic preacher; any novelist worth her salt would be too keen an artist to write a "feminist novel"; and even if there were such a thing it would be flawed by "a continual desire to instruct, a constant deliberate admixture of ethical, moral, political, sociological or religious powder [which] will produce a texture so gritty as to be unreadable [sic]. The powder will be spat out with the jam, and the book forgotten."[7] He then accuses Mews of desecrating Jane Austen, Fanny Burney, and Mme. de Scudéry by imputing "political influence" to their works. We can expect such reactions as we turn to those brilliant works of implicit feminism which mark the history of the novel: our definitions of feminist fiction must be broad enough and our critical tools fine enough so that it will be clear that it is such accusers and not ourselves who are parochial.

Unfortunately there are critics who have set forth to survey the field of feminine and feminist fiction who are themselves equipped with too stereotyped an understanding of feminism. Two of them, who make very peculiar bedfellows, have seriously misjudged the texts of novels because of a myopic misunderstanding of their contexts: Leslie Fiedler in *Love and Death in the American Novel* (1962) and Josephine Lurie Jessup in *The Faith of Our Feminists* (1950). In his chapter on "Richardson and the Tragedy of Seduction" Fiedler argues that *Clarissa Harlowe* is based on a ritual combat between "Seducer" and "Pure Maiden" and attributes to this plot the germination of the entire range of sentimental and popular fiction of the next two hundred years. "From *Charlotte Temple* to the latest daytime serial on radio or TV," he insists, "the legend of a moral struggle ending in the moral dominance of women informs the literature which makes the mass mind of America. In this country the only class war is between the sexes!"[8]

One could hardly disagreee with this pioneering analysis of sexual politics did not the blame for "Virginity" and "Morality" tend to fall in Fiedler's criticism squarely upon the female side of the argument. Although elsewhere in the book he traces the putting of woman on a pedestal of purity to the courtly code, thus defining it as a male *projection*, the implication for the sentimental and popular fiction which he analyzes is that it is largely a female *weapon*. Clarissa's problem is certainly that she takes refuge within her physical virginity, but her situation is complicated in that she uses it to resist not only her seducer but also her potential husband.

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[7] Anon., "Clever Ladies," *TLS*, 3 December 1970, p. 278.

[8] Leslie Fiedler, *Love and Death in the American Novel* (New York: The World Publishing Company, 1962), p. 62.

Her cry to Lovelace, "I have no patience, sir, to be thus constrained. Must I never be at liberty to follow my own judgement? Be the consequence what it may, I will not be thus constrained" (Modern Library, 1950, p. 205), is one of rejection not only of his extra-marital suit but of the constraints of marriage itself. Clarissa's "heroic feminism" consists much less in any moral-physical prudery than in a human integrity which cries out against being enslaved against her will—whether within marriage or out of it. Here she is in accord with the heroines of Jane Austen and Fanny Burney whose refusal to marry without affection was shockingly out of step with the marital practices of their times. To Clarissa, Elizabeth Bennet, and Evelina "virginity" connotes a form of negative emancipation in the freedom to reject the forfeiture of the self to partriarchal demands —by suicide, if necessary.

Josephine Jessup, like Fiedler, assumes that a feminist fiction manifests the "moral" superiority of women over men and depicts them engaged in a battle of the sexes which must be resolved either in marriage or female separatism. Taking as her models Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather, craftswomen whom Fiedler did not mention in his book, Jessup attributes to them explicitly stereotyped "old feminist" intentionality: "and the spirit of her whom these writers zealously served—Athena, the spirit of woman disjunct and triumphant in her separateness—shows forth in the body of their novels."[9] I am not objecting here to "old" or separatist feminism (which Caroline Bird rather narrowly defined as out to "prove that women can be like men, if necessary by remaining single")[10] as a possible position to take *personally* but as a distorting *critical perspective.* Although Jessup points out some aspects of her three novelists' work that are startlingly relevant to the feminism of which they were all aware, she tends to misjudge them because of her stereotypical definition of the genre.

Edith Wharton's Lily Bart (of *The House of Mirth*), for example, comes out of Jessup's battle of the sexes as a prototypical triumphant woman and Lawrence Selden as her "ideal foil," the antithesis creating of the work a "model feminist vehicle." She misses the point that Lily's situation is the result of the same socio-economic expectations as Clarissa's and that they make of her a tragic rather than an heroic figure. Her feminism consists in the negative emancipation derived from her consciousness of the sexist nature of her destiny and her courage to go down to her death resisting it. Lawrence Selden, like Newland Archer in Edith Wharton's other feminist masterpiece, *The Age of Innocence*, is shown up as weak not in relation to the heroine but in relation to his own tragic flaw, his ineffectual feminism. Both heroes give mouth service to the emancipation of women while complying despite themselves with patriarchal norms, and it is the inauthenticity of their feminism which provides the structural irony of the works. These novels are indeed "feminist vehicles," but in an Aristotelian or tragic rather than an Athenian or triumphant sense.

In considering the stereotypes imposed by fiction upon women as well as the stereotypes imposed by critics upon feminine fiction, we come to a mode of attack which has engaged the attention of such critics as Mary Ellmann in her exposé of "phallic criticism" in *Thinking About Women* (1968), Kate Millett in *Sexual Politics* (1970) and a number of other students of "the image of woman in literature." The example of Josephine Lurie Jessup will warn us away, I should hope, from becoming stereotypical in our own right. It is difficult not to feel about Molly Bloom on her chamberpot what Eldridge Cleaver must feel about Jack Benny's Rochester, but a good critic will not withdraw her attention from a work which is resonant and craftsmanlike even if it is chauvinistic. If the critical palate is soured by the evaluation of the works of Durrell, Burgess, Faulkner, Nabokov, Bellow, etc., it would seem better to turn one's attention from attack to defense, from examples of distorted images of women to examples of healthier representation.[11]

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[9] Josephine Lurie Jessup, *The Faith of Our Feminists* (New York: R. Smith, 1950), p. 13.

[10] Caroline Bird, *Born Female* (New York: David McKay, 1968), p. 161.

New feminist critics engaged in the tasks of bibliographical, textual, and contextual criticism may notice that the heroines they study manifest interestingly parallel characteristics during their psychic development. It is startling to realize that volumes have been written about the development of the male psyche as if it, in itself, defined the human soul. If there is a "myth of the hero" there must also be a "myth of the heroine," a female as well as a male *bildungsroman*, parallel, perhaps, but by no means identical. Carefully avoiding the hazards of stereotyping, we must study the relationship, for example, between Alexandra's love of the land in Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!*, Martha Quest's and Anna Wulf's similar passion for parts of the veldt in Doris Lessing's fiction and the relationship between Sarah Orne Jewett's heroines and the trees and gardens with which they often identify. We might also consider the relationship between the naturism of such heroines and certain hallucinatory passages in which they discover a "muse" or "other"—not a female sprite but a virile earth-god or male figure. Heathcliff, Maud Bodkin has noted, may be Catherine's Beatrice.

The heroines of fiction (as well as of poetry and drama) can be described as passing through the immanent phases of adolescent naturism, sexual initiation, marriage and childbirth in a quest for a transcendence which is sometimes separatist, sometimes androgynous, and sometimes visionary. We will thus find it helpful to develop a fourth and *archetypal* mode of new feminist criticism which will describe the psycho-mythological development of the female individual in literature.[12]

It is when we consider the fact that woman's development takes place over and against the sexual "other," maleness as externalized into a recalcitrant field of action which cannot be escaped by separatism, that we realize her complex polarity. Maleness is inescapable precisely because it is as much a psychic feature of the woman as femaleness is of the man. Although the forms of socio-sexual classification in culture—men do this and women do that—can be seen as externally imposed upon the individual, this avoids the fact that it is impossible to separate the male and the female within the human psyche.

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[11] The editors of the Fall 1970 issue of *Women, a Journal of Liberation,* for example, carefully juxtapose a section on "The Men Who Wrote About Us" (stereotypical criticism) with one on "Discovering Our Sister Authors."

[12] Approaches have been made in W. D. Howells' *Heroines of Fiction*, Patricia Thompson's *The Victorian Heroine, A Changing Ideal* and also in Gerarda von Middendorf's *The Hero in the Feminine Novel.*

It is this internal androgyneity of the self that generates, when repressed, the distorted sexual relationships that characterize the unexamined life—misogyny, man-hating, sadism, masochism, etc—and, conversely, it generates such externalized misunderstandings or exaggerations as the worship of male gods and heroes on the part of woman and of earth-mothers or sex goddesses and "pure women" on the part of the man. The novel of a mature relationship between the sexes has been rare both in British and American literature because it is so unusual for a man and a woman to enjoy sexual androgyneity, that delightful interchange of the aggressive and the gentle, the adventurous and the nurturing faculties residing in each personality. This sexual reciprocity which occurs, as Simone de Beauvoir describes it, when two transcendencies meet face to face, is so rarely lived or described in a western civilization devoted alternately to the epic-patriarchal and to the worship of "eternal womanhood" that it might become the norm (if utopian) which the new feminist critic seeks in fiction.

We can expect the outcry of our colleagues against the idea of a new feminist criticism to be immediate and scathing. The mere term will provoke the petulance not only of those in our profession who resent critical attentions paid to the humanity of women, but also of those who feel that the discipline will be sullied by contextual analysis. The quest for a feminist literature is a humanistic one, nonetheless, devoted to the cleansing of misconceptions held by both men and women in our culture. It should not be allocated to token female employees kept from incorporating it into regular courses nor should it be taught in sexually segregated classrooms. Colleges which pretend to a liberal arts curriculum will have to devote attention to feminist literature not only for the scholarly reason that it has been neglected but because of the pedagogical imperative that no institution which calls its curriculum humanist can be justified in ignoring it.

LILLIAN S. ROBINSON

Dwelling in Decencies: Radical Criticism and the Feminist Perspective

I reached the point of thinking you were right, and that your culture was the true one. . . . By a hair, I missed becoming one of you.
—*The Schoolboys of Barbiana,* Letter to a Teacher

FEMINIST CRITICISM, as its name implies, is criticism with a Cause, engaged criticism. But the critical model **presented** to us today is merely engaged to be married. It is about to contract what can only be a *mésalliance* with bourgeois modes of thought and the critical categories they inform. To be effective, feminist criticism cannot become simply bourgeois criticism in drag. It must be ideological and moral criticism; it must be revolutionary.

Having begun thus bluntly, I feel tempted to retreat somewhat, to equivocate and speak optimistically of "steps in the right direction." Literary theory has existed so long without a self-conscious female component that I hesitate to find fault when one is forthcoming. Nonetheless, I am convinced that established criticism cannot provide the intellectual means to advance in what will prove to be right directions.

Even criticism that calls itself radical frequently falls into masculine habits of expression: the human antecedent takes the pronoun "he" and the human generalization is sexually particularized as "Man" or "mankind." The existence of these terms may be a lexical accident, their survival an anachronism. But their continued use by professed radicals reflects a grave failure of consciousness. Those who recognize the class and racial bias of traditional literary study have paid, at best, only perfunctory notice to its sex bias. If radical critics are sexist, however, that does not mean feminists can ignore what they tell us about literature and criticism. Rather, we must construct a method that applies radical insights about culture and politics, but does so in the context of a coherent feminist analysis.

To some extent, the terms of this dis-

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cussion recapitulate debates within the American women's movement. The questions I pose about our discipline reflect a larger question about ourselves: can women be liberated in our present political economy, or is more fundamental change required? For those of us who choose a radical response to this question, there is a more pressing problem. I am referring to the tension between "feminists," narrowly defined as those who believe that the basic social conflict is between the sexes and that all men benefit from male supremacy, and so-called "politicos," who believe that the fundamental conflict is betweeen classes and that sexism is a part of that struggle. This is not merely a sectarian quarrel, and I bring it up in a literary discussion because much of my present argument depends on the definition of "feminism." In this paper, I characterize as feminist women's consciousness of being "the other" in a male-dominated system. Within the limits of literature, at least, women's exclusion is clearly shared by all non-white and working-class men. "High" culture is a male domain, but not all men may participate in it. Recognition of these facts does not make my approach less feminist. It does suggest the critical direction I think we should pursue.

II

My earlier unsupported allusion to bourgeois ideology probably had two immediate effects: it made me a marked woman and it turned off part of my audience. I hope this response is not irrevocable, for my use of the term is quite precise and is meant as neither random invective nor (red) flag-waving. None of us is to blame for our exposure to certain training, including a conditioned revulsion to the rhetoric of class warfare. We are at fault only if we insist—in the face of all evidence—that the realm of the mind is above that struggle, that it is some abstract Agora where ideas duel gracefully among themselves, all unconscious of whose interests they serve.

What happens then is that we perceive history—literary history above all—as the consecutive predominance of certain ideas, schools and values, independent of the conditions or the people that produced them. Marx and Engels observed that it had not occurred to the philosophers who were their contemporaries "to inquire into the connections of German philosophy with German reality, the relation of their criticism to their own material surroundings."[1] Similarly, the members of our profession have *chosen* to ignore the class origins of literary categories and standards. This is something that women, in particular, cannot afford to do.

I have called certain categories of thought "bourgeois," choosing a term that usually has connotations of class rather than sex divisions. As I have said, I think that cultural criticism helps us to clarify what "class analysis" has to do with feminism. When I characterize an idea as bourgeois, I am doing so in the traditional Marxist sense:

> The ideas of the ruling class are in every epoch the ruling ideas: i.e. the class which is the ruling material force of society is at the same time its ruling intellectual force. The class which has the means of material production at its disposal has control at the same time over the means of mental production, so that thereby, generally speaking, the ideas of those who lack the means of mental produc-

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[1] Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The German Ideology*. 1845-46 (New York: New World-International, 1967), p. 6.

> tion are subject to it. The ruling ideas are nothing more than the ideal expression of the dominant material relationships, the dominant material relationships grasped as ideas. (Marx and Engels, p. 39)

Italian adolescents have expressed the same view somewhat more colorfully: "How could a young gentleman argue with his own shadow, spit on himself and on his own distorted culture while using the very words of that culture?"[2] Both these arguments involve observations about the nature of the dominant ideology and the difficulty of formulating a critique from within its sphere of influence. (Others have demonstrated the application of this analysis to literary criticism rigorously and at length; I trust I do not have to rehearse the radical arguments before discussing how they relate to a feminist perspective.)

Feminist theory may avoid the class question, but it is quite explicit as to women's sense of being culturally disinherited. It may seem that I needlessly polarize the issue by insisting on the relations between material and ideological power. Aren't there many bourgeois women, after all? Well, no. The wives and daughters of the ruling class do not somehow mystically partake in *someone else's* relation to the means of production.

> The category [woman] seems to cut across all classes; one speaks of working-class women, middle-class women, etc. The status of women is clearly inferior to that of men, but analysis of this condition usually falls into discussing socialization, psychology, interpersonal relations, or the role of marriage as a social institution. Are these, however, the primary factors? In arguing that the roots of the secondary status of women are in fact economic it can be shown that women as a group do indeed have a definite relation to the means of production and that this is different from that of men. The personal and psychological factors then follow from this special relation to production, and a change in the latter will be a necessary (but not sufficient) condition for changing the former.[3]

The essential female relation to the means of production is embodied in women's traditional tasks in the home, housework, child-rearing, even supervision of housework and serving as hostess. We are used to borrowing sociological vocabulary and speaking of women's "rôle," but it is useful, first, to comprehend it materially. And it is vital to do so if we are to understand that vast body of literature in which female characters acquire, question, accept or modify their "rôles," the social definition of woman.

Just above, I used a Marxist source because I think it very cogently summarizes one side of a vexed economic question. But I first encountered a proposal to "capitalize" household duties in a less doctrinaire setting, the writings of Virginia Woolf. Addressing a man of the ruling class, Virginia Woolf says, "you should provide a wage to be paid by the State to those whose profession is marriage and motherhood."[4] In suggesting this, with a sense of futility but not of irony, Virginia Woolf recognizes the psychological effects of economic conditions; payment of a regular salary to unpaid women workers is, she states, "the most effective way in which we can ensure that the large and very honourable class of married women shall have a mind and a will of their own." She also translates into material terms the feeling of "otherness" typical even of women who are "of" the bourgeoisie. For instance, she explains her repetition of the phrase "educated man's daughter" to designate such a woman:

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[2] The Schoolboys of Barbiana, *Letter to a Teacher* (New York: Random House, 1970), p. 90.

[3] Margaret Benston, "The Political Economy of Women's Liberation," reprinted from *Monthly Review*, September 1969 (Boston: New England Free Press, 1969), p. 13.

[4] Virginia Woolf, *Three Guineas*, 1938 (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1963), pp. 110-111.

> Our ideology is still so inveterately anthropocentric that it has been necessary to coin this clumsy term . . . to describe the class whose fathers have been educated at public schools and universities. Obviously, if the term 'bourgeois' fits her brother, it is grossly incorrect to use it of one who differs so profoundly in the two prime characteristics of the bourgeoisie—capital and environment.[5]

So when I speak of the bourgeoisie and its intellectual productions, I feel I am doing so as a feminist, referring to a group from which women are by and large excluded and in whose interest that exclusion is justified.

III

Annis Pratt has outlined how "feminist" critics can make use of bibliographical, textual, contextual, and archetypal modes. My response has been to say that feminism is necessarily alienated from those modes—at least as we have come to understand them. It remains for me to suggest something to put in their place.

As women, we should be aware of how idealization serves oppression. Throughout much of our literature, fanciful constructs of the ideal female, her character and psychology, have obscured the limitations suffered by actual women. Worse, they have encouraged expectations and behavior that only strengthen the real oppression. Feminist critics are not likely to ape male poets in sentimentalizing the female spirit. But there is a kind of idealism to which we become susceptible when we explore the question of feminine consciousness. For we, too, have a tendency to ignore its material basis.

I grant that I am making a kind of play on words, but it is not intended to blur the distinction between "idealization" and "idealism." In literature, to idealize means to ignore, perhaps to "transcend," reality. The philosophical tendency called "idealism" means to ignore material conditions. Whereas the former is more or less the opposite of realism, the latter is the opposite of materialism.[6] I see no point in reopening all the books that give us a view of "feminine consciousness" unless we have a firm grasp of what *anybody's* consciousness is. "The production . . . of consciousness is at first directly interwoven with the material activity and the material intercourse of men, [*sic*] the language of real life . . . Life is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness by life" (Marx and Engels, pp. 13-14, 15). Perhaps this sounds more like an assertion that works through repetition of key phrases than an argument. In another place, Marx reiterates the idea and fills in some of what may appear to be rhetorical gaps:

> In the social production of their life, men [*sic*, again] enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will, relations of production which correspond to a definite stage of development of their material productive forces. The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society, the real foundation, on

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[5] *Ibid.*, p. 146, note 2. In the first sentence, I take it she means "androcentric," not "anthropocentric."

[6] I qualify this because I'm not happy with the notion of "opposites" applied to literary styles. There is no single way of avoiding idealization; realism, to be sure, is one way, but so are many kinds of distortions.

> which rises a legal and political superstructure and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production of material life conditions the social, political and intellectual life process in general. It is not the consciousness of men [*sic*, dammit] that determines their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness.[7]

How would feminist criticism based on this view of consciousness differ from what Annis Pratt calls "contextual" criticism? For one thing, she speaks of contextual analysis as considering "the relevance of a group of works, even if artistically flawed, as a reflection of the situation of women . . . [The critic] should be 'feminist' in going beyond formalism to consider literature as it reveals men and women in relationship to each other within a socio-economic *context*, that web of role expectations in which women are enmeshed." I think I understand what "context" might mean when freed of sociological terminology, but I cannot deduce what kind of literary criticism it might inspire. The only examples with which we are provided have to do with the exigencies of the literary marketplace, not the full material situation of author or characters. Beyond this, we are apparently being asked to regard the book as an historical artifact revealing its "context" and at the same time a product of a context that we should somehow "take into account" as we read.

I think that writers themselves give us a better idea of how to proceed. Novelists and playwrights, even when they mystify womanhood, usually consider it almost a matter of course to relate their characters' psychological circumstances to their material situation. And even when the "resolution" is a highly suspect one, we are frequently made to see how it is materially conditioned. Many books about women concentrate on the moral and social "choices" they make; their authors almost always show us how little material scope for choosing they really have. As you can see, this is more than just telling us how much money someone has or can get—although writers, when speaking of women, are astonishingly explicit about these facts. It is rather a matter of relating them to someone's sense of herself and to what happens in her life. It also means understanding the extent to which sexual identity itself is a material fact. (What Annis Pratt calls "archetypal" feminist criticism, dealing as it does with myths of female life-history, either applies here or is futile.)

To be specific, what is it that Becky Sharp wants and how does she come to want it? What really *happens* to Eugénie Grandet? What if either of them were a man in the same circumstances? Those are obvious examples, perhaps, but I need not rely only on them. I could give you instead Isabel Archer, Anne Eliot, Lily Bart, Cranford's Miss Matty Jenkyns, or Constance Chatterly. None of these is a feminist heroine nor a "simple" case of economic determinism. None of their creators was—to understate the case—a Marxist. But all of them have given us information that we have not as yet learned to interpret.

IV

I have not taken up Annis Pratt's four categories in their original order, because the mode she calls "contextual" was the only one I thought might be feminist at all. The others are much more firmly entrenched in standard lit-crit assumptions and it is harder for me to see how they can be useful to us. I hasten to repeat that it is not something "old-fashioned" or stuffy about traditional criticism that I object to, but rather its use in the service of ruling-class interests. It should be clear, for instance, that sexual stereotypes serve *somebody's* interest; they are not the result of what some writer "happens" to believe because of a particularly noble (or vicious) mother or because of mythic Motherhood. Similarly, a prevailing ideology about sexual love—something that literature certainly promotes—has a great deal to do with basic social relationships and institutions. It is no accident that certain groups benefit from their existence and that others are oppressed by them. I have mentioned two central aspects of Western literature. They are there, whatever critical posture we choose to adopt. But criticism does determine the way they function in our lives. These two are also specifically sexual ideas; current critical fashions devote great attention to more general themes like "Man's" isolation, alienation, and individualism. It has clearly been convenient for the operation of our society for us to believe in and teach these themes as "universals." To say nothing of the greatest bourgeois theme of all, the myth of pluralism, with its consequent rejection of ideological commitment as "too simple" to embrace the (necessarily complex) truth.

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[7] Karl Marx, "Preface to *A Contribution to The Critique of Political Economy*," 1859, in Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Selected Works in One Volume* (New York: International, 1968), p. 182.

These last observations are an oblique introduction to my remarks on archetypal criticism, which deserves more than the testy parentheses of the preceding section. As I understand it, archetypal criticism is the application to literature of Jungian psychology. It seems to me that nothing could be more harmful to a coherent and fruitful reading of "the literature of women" than Jungianism with its liturgical pronouncements about The Masculine and The Feminine—not to mention The Universal and The Innate. That such criticism has very real and very negative social effects seems to me undeniable. But its implications for women are particularly sinister. If we find that heroines "manifest interestingly parallel characteristics during their psychic development," this does not mean that we should perpetrate generalizations about the female psyche as specious as those of the male psyche. Of course it is infuriating that the male psyche has been treated "as if it, itself, defined the human soul." But it is also infuriating that the human soul has been defined so oppressively, and we should not correct only the lesser injustice. There are, indeed, parallel characteristics in the lives of fictional women. We should not make a mythic fetish of these, but consider why they exist. To what extent do they coincide with the social reality of women's lives? Where they do not, did their authors wish this development upon them? To what end did they impose it? What are the social effects of literary conventions dealing with women? I think these are important questions, but they are far from the realm of psychic archetypes.

The bibliographical question, too, has been incorrectly posed, for it assumes what it attempts to prove: that our principal focus should be neglected works that can in some way or other be classified as "feminist." This is only one of the tasks of a feminist critic, particularly when she is also a critic of culture and society. I agree that feminist writings and the "literature of women" as a whole must be reexamined. But to limit ourselves to that area is to imply that feminists have nothing to add to analyses of the "male" literature that makes up the great body of "our" literary tradition. I think we have a significant contribution to make to the radical criticism of that tradition—a contribution that is not encompassed by merely saying "ugh!" and turning away.

It is true that the literary mistreatment of women has been compounded by the critical mistreatment of women's literature. Mary Ellmann points out some of the ramifications of this in *Thinking About Women:* assumptions about "feminine style," sexual analogy, treating women's books as if they *were* women. Carol Ohmann's essay, "Emily Brontë in the Hands of Male Critics," is a history of one such case. It incisively documents the critical habits of more than a century with regard to *Wuthering Heights,* a novel whose "sex" was unknown for the first years of its life. Women authors generally and those, in particular, who are "only" concerned with female psychology, are treated with a most destructive combination of condescension and neglect.

Sometimes it is worse than that. I have recently read through Fred Lewis Pattee's *The Feminine Fifties* (New York: Appleton-Century, 1940), a book that is listed in one of Annis Pratt's footnotes and that she apparently considers a step in the right direction. It is a general history of American literature in the decade before the Civil War and the adjective is supposed to describe the decade itself. Alluding to the fashion of alliterative designations for periods, the author says:

> There are at least ten "f" words that describe phases of the decade: *fervid, fevered, furious, fatuous, fertile, feeling, florid, furbelowed, fighting, funny* . . . To find a single adjective that would combine them all—can it be done? Would not such a word be a veritable world in itself? Unquestionably. That I have found this word, however, my title reveals." (p. 3).

Pattee concludes the first chapter with an even more vicious observation. He says it was "a feminine period undoubtedly. Thomas Cholmondely, of London, to whom Thoreau in 1857 sent a copy of the second edition of *Leaves of Grass,* could sum up the poems and the poet with this startling verdict: 'I find reality and beauty, mixed with not a little violence and coarseness—both of which are to me effeminate.' Not only did this characterize the early Whitman and his work, but the decade as well . . ." (p. 11). This history devotes considerably more space than most to women writers and the feminist movement. But the results are what you might expect from someone who accepts and appears to delight in sexual stereotypes, who puts women's rights between inverted commas, and who cannot usefully distinguish between what is female, feminine, feminist, and effeminate. Had it merely neglected women, Pattee's book would have been just a rambling and inoffensive piece of writing. Its emphasis on the "feminine," however, makes it dangerous.

A book that Annis Pratt castigates for its "old feminist" stereotyping is Josephine Lurie Jessup's *The Faith of our Feminists* (New York: Richard R. Smith, 1950). I think this "study" of Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow and Willa Cather is worse than stereotyped. It is both anti-feminist and thoroughly reactionary. Jessup's thesis is based on the identification of feminism with any form of female independence, however short of separatism it may come; her bias is implicit in her opening remark that "straightaway woman discovereed her limitation she set about denying it" (p.

9). Pursuing a theological metaphor throughout, she regards feminism as the cult of Athena and thus can describe it triumphantly as "a faith which waned during the lifetime of its most distinguished adherents" (p. 117). Her own theology is less clear. She stresses but fails to analyze the relations of each of the three writers to the Episcopal Church and remarks almost inconsequentially at the end of her book that the trouble with present-day American literature is that "we lack Dante's inscription [*sic*] 'In His will is our peace' " (p. 118).

Her politics are clearer and they are the reason why I give any attention at all to this eccentric volume. For Jessup's views are a vulgarization of bourgeois values of a sort not normally admitted in books of criticism. She believes in "spiritual triumphs" and in an author's "paying tribute" to the oposite sex. She makes many novels feminist victories by showing how someone's death or destruction was a "moral" defeat for the (often unidentified) enemy. And she appears to resent these imagined triumphs. At the same time, she thinks that male writers have done better by the female sex because they have idealized it. Similarly (and I suppose paradoxically), she claims that women writers have given male characters dignity: "Even at its bitterest, feminist fiction never describes the human male as the end-product of slum situations, or a creature peculiarly given to incest and inversion, or yet merely a fighting-and-lusting animal" (p. 88). It is as if she thinks *writers who describe it* are responsible for the depravity that results from social conditions; treating people with dignity would thus consist in imagining more privileged moral types. Jessup generally has trouble with "social conditions." She believes Dreiser "the realist" is saying the same thing as Wolfe "the romantic," which is that "man, good as an individual, somehow [*sic*] absorbs and spreads contamination through group living" (p. 87). Ironically, she seems to have chosen her subject because, for these three novelists, "life defines itself less often as a conflict between the individual and society than as a struggle between the sexes" (p. 88). Besides, male writers are distressing because their social comment is so diffuse. "The feminist, for her part, has just one complaint. She disapproves of sexuality [*sic*]" (p. 117). Perhaps I am over-emphasizing these two stupid books. But they are what you find when you go looking for studies of the literature of women. They may be the nadir, but they certainly provide reason enough for feminists to turn to our own literature.

Most literature, however, is not our own, and that is why I do not think there is a bibliographical problem. For much of what we have to do involves the rethinking of familiar material. "Is one to extol or to expose? This is a question of attitude. What attitude is wanted? I would say both."[8] My citation is ironic in some measure; we shouldn't need Chairman Mao to tell us that feminist politics can expose something essential about the literature of and by men. "Exposure" does not mean simply repeated revelation of sexism. I have heard even self-proclaimed feminists speak as if Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* were definitive and exhaustive. Millett has made a beginning by discussing political implications of the language and themes of literature. Her method is suggestive, not prescriptive, and there are other ways to unmask sexist bias and place it in historical perspective.

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[8] Mao Tse-tung, "Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art," 1942, in *Mao Tse-tung on Literature and Art* (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1967), p. 3.

There are also questions that will occur to us and not to other critics. I think, for instance, of *Ulysses*, which makes Annis Pratt flinch as a feminist while, as a critic, she acknowledges its literary worth. For the moment, let us set aside the question of "literary worth" in works that are ideologically repellent. Instead, let us think of how to approach the novel not as a feminist one moment and as a critic the next, but as a feminist critic. Annis Pratt says she responds to Molly Bloom on the chamber pot as a black militant must to stereotypes of Negro servants.[9] The solution is not to ignore it and go on to something else. On the contrary, I believe only a feminist knows what Molly Bloom is really about and can ask the questions that will demonstrate the real functioning of sexual myth in Joyce's novel.

A simpler example is the Nausicaa episode, which proceeds through representation of the thoughts of Gerty MacDowell and Leopold Bloom. As Tindall describes it, "For Gerty's part . . . [Joyce] wickedly chose the style of a cheap Victorian 'novelette'—what he called 'a namby-pamby jammy marmalady drawersy . . . style with effects of incense, mariolatry, masturbation, stewed cockles.' The ultimate indecency of the chapter is not Bloom's action but this style, which, embodying and presenting Gerty, is Gerty."[10] We should recall that in this chapter whose symbol is "Virgin" and in which Bloom reflects on the "womanly woman," Gerty-Nausicaa is also Milly, Mary, and Molly. What is the function of Joyce's stylistic parody—and the venom behind it? (And what are the politics of Joyce's relationship to the kind of prose he imitates? To the women who read and wrote it? It is interesting that Hawthorne made specific reference to Maria Cummins's *The Lamplighter*, one of Joyce's sources for the Nausicaa style, when he inveighed against the "d——d mob of scribbling women." Was Joyce, too, just pissed off at the competition? Or is there an idea—even an ideology—in the background?)

What is the significance of the literary equipment with which Joyce provides Gerty and Molly, on the one hand, Bloom and Stephen on the other? What does Tindall intend when he says that Joyce employs the parodic style "wickedly" and that it is an "indecency"? What does it mean for women in general, and those of the lower classes in particular, to realize fiction as Gerty does? Why is this "trash" the literature they are fed? Is there a way of reading and identifying with books that women typically adopt in our society? How come? If her style "is" Gerty, how has that come about? What is the significance of her lapses from it? Why are her fantasies more contemptible than anyone else's? These are not rhetorical questions and there are many more we might profitably ask. The answers to some of them would lead to a better understanding of this section of *Ulysses* and of the novel as a whole. Others will turn us away from the book to issues concerning the sociology of literature. What has criticism to say about the real Gerty MacDowells? What are the effects on them and on society of escapist fiction and its characteristic style? And, always, *cui bono*— who profits?

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[9] Actually, the stereotype she uses is Jack Benny's Rochester, who is far from obsequious and seems to me to follow, rather, the old dramatic convention of the clever servant. But we might well ask what the uses of that convention were to class (and even slave) societies.

[10] William York Tindall, *A Reader's Guide to James Joyce* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1959), p. 193.

V

I have left the hardest issue, the question of style, until last. Throughout Annis Pratt's essay, there is an emphasis on textual criteria that are somehow independent of ideology. Thus, she can speak of some feminist works as being historically useful, although "artistically flawed"; and of the critic who considers context "without for a moment suspending her textual judgment"; and of works "which are resonant and craftsmanlike, if [male] chauvinistic examples of the fictional art." I shall spare all of us the ritual invective against the New Criticism. But I do not believe we have hitherto had objective standards by which to judge literary art, and the application of a feminist perspective will not mean adding ideology to a value-free discipline. (*Thinking About Women* shows one aspect of "textual analysis," the phallic approach to writings by and about women.) I do not suggest that we elevate anachronism into criticism, demanding that the writers of the past meet present-day expectations of political awareness, but rather that we consider what relation form has to moral and ideological content.

Along with spurious objectivity, I wish to discard the notion of critical "disinterestedness" that is one of Matthew Arnold's legacies to our profession. It is clear that to Arnold a disinterested approach does not mean a dispassionate one, but one that treats ideas in their "proper" intellectual sphere and does not attempt to involve them in the realm of practical political action. As I said before, I do not believe there is a separate domain of ideas and I think that it is dangerous to behave as if there were. But Arnold hardly intended a separation of the critical faculty from standards of moral judgment. Nor did he think that "style" is independent of ideology, otherwise what does it mean to deflate jingoist pretensions by repeating "Wragg is in custody"? Criticism has progressed so far into formalism that we have forgotten not so much that art has content but that *content* has content.

I have been using the word "morality" as if it still meant something in intellectual circles. In reality, it is one of those platitudinous babies that are always being thrown out with the bath water. For, when we recognized that there was no moral permanence, we apparently decided that there was no basis for moral judgments. We failed to acknowledge that morality is political and has material causes. Moral certainty itself began to look a bit naïve, whatever its nature. When I read W. D. Howells' *Heroines of Fiction* last week, I was appropriately amused by its approach to moral questions. In the introductory chapter, Howells describes the hallmarks of nineteenth-century literature as "voluntary naturalness, instructed singularity." Defoe is an earlier writer who has these qualities, but does not share Howells's modern morality. "He was, frankly, of the day before we began to dwell in decencies, before women began to read novels so much that the novel had to change its subject, or so limit its discussion that it came to the same thing . . . Because of his matter, and not because of his manner or motive, his heroines must remain under lock and key and cannot be so much as raised in mixed companies."[11] Of course, Howells is an easy target for those claiming more sophisticated sexual standards. Poor deluded soul, he thought he knew what "goodness" was, in writing and in behavior, and he thought that they were the same thing. The decencies in which I should like to dwell are quite different from Howells's unexamined categories. But maybe there was something worth rescuing from his tub-load of assumptions—before they all went down the drain.

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[11] William Dean Howells, *Heroines of Fiction, Volume I* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1901), pp. 2-3.

It was Sartre, I think, who asked whether it would be possible to write a "good" anti-Semitic novel in the wake of Nazi genocide. Someone replied that Céline has done precisely that. I imagine we would all counter by asking, "What do you mean 'good'?" A radical kind of textual criticism might well be able to answer that question. It could usefully study the way the texture of sentences, choice of metaphors, patterns of exposition and narrative relate to ideology. I call such an approach radical and insist that feminism is part of it because up to now we have been very narrow in defining what we mean by the "content" that "form" is supposed to convey. In my education, for instance, much attention was devoted to such concepts as Metaphysical Wit, but curiosity was never directed to the social conditions that informed the making of those conceits. I never inquired how they functioned *off* the page. Radical criticism of texts would obviously be more meaningful than a standard that simply said, "This is acceptable, that is not" without showing how this and that worked. It would thus actively demonstrate that ideology need not be dogma, that it can provide critical tools to broaden our present vision.

Communist Party critics of the '30s are frequently sneered at for praising authors of whom "no one today has heard," while attacking those whose reputations have grown since then. Their detractors act as if the voice of the people had spoken and rejected the Communist position, when what happened was the enthronement of an opposing critical fashion. Radical criticism should be able to do more than point out a "correct line" on sex or class. Applying our analysis to texts will determine, as dogma would not, what it *means* to keep saying, "That is a sexist book—but it's great literature."

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I began by referring to a *mésalliance* between "feminism" and established critical modes. It might be amusing to extend the conceit to speak of oppressive relationships, bourgeois mind-fuck and foredoomed offspring. A more exact simile, however, would be the shotgun wedding. Some people are trying to make an honest woman out of the feminist critic, to claim that every "worthwhile" department should stock one. I am not terribly interested in whether feminism becomes a respectable part of academic criticism; I am very much concerned that feminist critics become a useful part of the women's movement. Old feminism concentrated on what Marxists call superstructure and Mr. Nixon might call a piece of the action; that is, on legal and human rights within unaltered institutions. New feminism is about fundamentally transforming institutions. In our struggle for liberation, Marx's note about philosophers may apply to critics as well: that up to now they have only interpreted the world and the real point is to change it.

JUDITH H. MONTGOMERY

The American Galatea

MYTHS ARE OFTEN INVENTED or taken up by a culture in order to explain and sanctify a condition otherwise inexplicable or inadmissible, one contrary to observed reality, to justice or to reason. Myths constructed around women are no exception. Man's inability to cope with the simultaneous existence of multiple images of woman drives him to select among them. She becomes the temptress, the spiritual beacon, the witch, the doll or idol. Each of man's fantasies is abstracted from the whole truth and is elevated, unqualified and irreconcilable with the rest.

Central to man's persistently contradictory vision of woman is the myth of Pygmalion and Galatea. In it the sculptor Pygmalion sought to create, through his art, the most perfect, ideally beautiful woman possible. He succeeded indeed in creating a statue so lifelike, and so exquisite, that he fell in love with it and adorned it with gifts of rich clothing and jewels. Aphrodite took pity on his love; and, upon returning from the goddess's temple one morning, Pygmalion kissed the lips of his marble statue—and found them warm. The statue of his Ideal, now a living woman he called Galatea, was married by Pygmalion and later bore him a son.[1]

The reiteration of this myth in literature must be ascribed to its successful fusion of two basic impulses in man: creation and possession—here, the creation of the beautiful object and possession of that object by himself alone. At the instant of life, Galatea thus incorporates woman's archetypal dilemma: she is both inferior and superior, but never equal to Pygmalion. It is he who forms her, and it is at his kiss that she awakens; yet she is the Ideal, and her "birth" requires supernatural intervention. Finally, the fusion of Pygmalion's aesthetic sensibility with his will to power incorporates in the myth a secondary theme—decoration of the woman—which comes to figure most importantly in its American developments.

Every cultural condition in the New World fostered the development of the Pygmalion myth—religion, education, economics, law, and ultimately literature. Puritan colonists denied woman's equality in every respect save only the spiritual. The Southern colonists, whose first wives, the "tobacco brides," were shipped and sold from England,[2] confined women with the debilitating support of Negro slavery and with the ostensibly elevating precepts of chivalry,

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Judith H. Montgomery is finishing one book on the metamorphosis of the American heroine between 1900 and 1920, and is about to begin a critical study of the works of Edith Wharton. This article grew out of the paper she read at the MLA Forum on the Status of Women in the Profession, in New York on Dec. 27, 1970.

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[1] *Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology* (London: Paul Hamlyn, 1959), p. 148.

[2] John Rouse Larus, *Woman: In All Ages and in All Countries* (Philadelphia: George Barrie and Sons, 1908), 10, p. 116.

which assume in fact woman's incapacity and her inferiority to man.

Both cultures bolstered their codes with the adopted English Common Law which, under the reign of the misogynist James I, was relegating women to kitchen and cradle.[3] The Common Law, based upon St. Paul's dictum that the man is the head of the woman, legally made marriage not the union of two people, but the dissolution of one identity in another. Thus by the mid-eighteenth century the denial of a married woman's rights to independent action and to the possession of property was firmly established in America. Stripped of independent means by the marriage contract, she was forced thereafter to abide by provisions which permitted her husband the custody of her person and her children, the right to chastise her physically, and the right to her sexual services. Although her master-husband was technically liable for her support, the neglected or deserted wife had no personal legal recourse; only the parish or city upon which she came to depend could sue for her support (Acworth, pp. 128-131).

Yet marriage became an economic necessity for woman, as she receded into the realm of the nonproducer. As a pioneer, her labor had been necessary for the survival of the colonies.[4] As the new nation grew, however, the legitimate sphere of domestic production shrank; and capital production moved from farmhouse to factory, leaving woman at leisure to contemplate her increasing uselessness except as mate and mother, occupations partially degraded by their nonpecuniary status. By the mid-nineteenth century, the only career alternatives to marriage were the schoolroom, the factory, or the streets—unpalatable and often lethal choices.

Nor was woman's position substantially mitigated by education. Benjamin Franklin's *Reflections on Courtship and Marriage* (1746) did suggest that education might actually remedy the defects of women; but he relegated that tutelage to the husband, thus leaving him free to form or to stunt the course of his wife's existence. Rousseau, whose ideas on education were particularly influential in America, furthered woman's dependency by dedicating her education *to* the husband:

> The whole education of women ought to be relative to men. To please them, to be useful to them, to make themselves loved and honored by them, to educate them, to console them, and to make life sweet and agreeable to them—these are the duties of women at all times, and what should be taught them from their infancy.[5]

Intelligence, in short, became unfeminine by 1800, and women began to be regarded from that point as decorative playthings—as dolls and idols.

Wealth immensely complicated this American cult of the beautiful toy. Thorstein Veblen suggested (in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, 1899) that, as the bare necessities of life are achieved and surpassed, possession of things, and of beautiful things in particular, becomes evidence of power. The speculative fortunes gained from the Industrial Revolution and from the Civil War thus fostered the development of possessive tastes. The ultimate possession, of course, became

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[3] Evelyn Acworth, *The New Matriarchy* (London: Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1965), p. 79.

[4] Pioneer women served as shopkeepers, teachers, blacksmiths, hunters, lawyers, silversmiths, and in many other occupations, according to Page Smith, *Daughters of the Promised Land* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1970), p. 54.

[5] Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Émile*, (Book V), tr. and quoted by Eleanor Flexner, *Century of Struggle* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1959), p. 23.

Galatea: the artfully trained woman, bereft of economic assets but possessed of the capacity for tastefully dispersing and displaying a man's wealth. The ideal beauty became she who could demonstrate an indisputable and expensive fragility by a shaded complexion, a hobbling skirt, a slender waist enforced by breath-robbing stays. The mark of her superiority had become her unfitness for survival. The nineteenth-century American woman had become Galatea.

The consequences for American literature were tremendous. The American novel and the refining of Galatea began almost simultaneously, at the close of the eighteenth century, and symbiotically reinforced each other throughout the nineteenth. In fiction, as in life, man struggled to realize the perfect woman and to portray the consequences of failure to conform to that image. Charles Brockden Brown began this development with heroines of intelligence and courage who nevertheless ceded to the authority of men and to the necessity of duty and piety. His portrait was reinforced by James Fenimore Cooper's preference of the fair dependent heroines over dark, independent ones—the beginnings of the romantic demand for beauty coupled with submission. With time, however, the demands of physical perfection became so stringent as to be literally lethal to the fictional heroine. As she approached the Ideal, so she approached death. Or, in the appropriate Darwinian vocabulary: as she increased in overspecialization, so she faced extinction, first as an individual and finally as a type. Every woman character, major or minor, acted out an archetype; but the heroine most frequently became Pygmalion's Image.

Let me suggest some consequences of this particular American development in more substantial fictional visions of the heroine: in Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance* (1852); in James' *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881); and finally in Wharton's *The House of Mirth* (1905).

It is impossible not to note the extensions of Brown's and Cooper's images in *The Blithedale Romance.* The coldly dispassionate observer-narrator Coverdale, destined always to pry into the secrets of the inner heart, resembles not only the more evil Chillingworth of *The Scarlet Letter,* but also the amoral male figures of Carwin and Ormond which Brown created in *Wieland* and *Ormond.* The circumstances of Hawthorne's female characters bear different but equally strong resemblances to those of Cooper's half-sister heroines in *The Last of the Mohicans.* Zenobia, like Cora, is the dark, brilliant and independent daughter of a first marriage; Priscilla, like Alice, the pale, charmingly weak and dependent daughter of the father's second marriage. Again it is the fair, helpless and adoring girl who marries, and the dark independent who must die without love.

But Hawthorne has increased the tension in their lives and destinies by making Zenobia a feminist, a woman who aspires to the condition of a human being, regardless of her sex. She cries against the fate that limits a woman to one destiny: "How can she be happy, after discovering that fate has assigned her but one single event, which she must contrive to make the substance of her whole life? A man has his choice of innumerable events."[6] Denied the opportunity to exercise her intellect and talents by public speaking (a talent to which the story repeatedly gives witness), and comparing her enforced silence with Hollingsworth's earnest oratory, she exclaims passionately against these limitations and declares that "Thus far, no woman in the world has ever once spoken out her whole heart and her whole mind" (p. 137).

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[6] Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Blithedale Romance* (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., 1958), p. 82.

But Zenobia, though admired for her queenly manner and capabilities, is severely reprimanded by the observations of the men in the novel. Although the narrator Coverdale protests his willingness to "grant" women intellectual, social, political liberties if only they would request them, he insists upon seeing Zenobia as a purely physical being: she is always "Eve," "Pandora," and the elemental woman to him (pp. 44, 50, 45). He describes her mind as "full of weeds" (p. 68) and he casts her, with all women, repeatedly into the conventional mode—emotional, intuitive, spiritual:

> "O, in the better order of things, Heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in charge of women! The gates of the Blessed City will be thronged with the multitude that enter in, when that day comes! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with the religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity, refined from that gross, *intellectual* alloy with which every masculine theologist—save only One... has been prone to mingle it." (pp. 138-139; italics mine).

Coverdale's secret love for Priscilla, concealed until the end of the novel, also explains his increasing reservations about Zenobia. Although struck by the latter's exotic beauty, he finds her lacking in a certain feminine grace and delicate reserve, and full, instead, of a freedom of speech and movement which he insists is only possible—or proper—in a married woman.[7] Priscilla, however, he admires for ineptness, a propensity for falling down when she runs, for hesitancy in her speech, for pale delicacy and adoration. That the adoration is directed elsewhere only whets the appetite. It can only be remarkable that, seeing Zenobia through the lenses of this disengaged, would-be Pygmalion, we can appreciate her mind and spirit at all.

But Coverdale, that ultimate hider, is by no means Hawthorne's severest vision of Pygmalion. He twists the knot still tighter by making both Priscilla and Zenobia fall in love with the obsessed philanthropist-reformer Hollingsworth, a Pygmalion bereft of aesthetic sensibility, but firmly possessed of a belief in the Pygmalion power ethic. To Zenobia's outburst protesting the greater efficacy of women as orators, their greater happiness in self-fulfillment, Hollingsworth sets forth a strict reprimand, utterly crushing Zenobia's hopes, while comforting Priscilla's fears and firmly establishing the accepted role of women as dependent servitors of men. The passage is long, but well worth repeating. Hollingsworth denies that he despises woman, and continues:

> "She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of the sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognition, withheld in every manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own voice, pronouncing, 'It is well done!' All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank Heaven, an al-

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[7] Coverdale's insistence is subsequently reinforced by Hawthorne, who hints darkly and repeatedly at a passionate, unhappy, earlier marriage of Zenobia's.

> most impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principal! As true as I once had a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither man nor woman!—if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!" (pp. 139-140).

Zenobia's own passionate attachment to Hollingsworth makes her falter before this barrage, and, briefly, she recants her brave testimony to the potential of woman, sinking before the arbitrary altar of love. Yet she cannot live by denying herself in order to fit Pygmalion's image of what she should be. After a bitter, and correct, assessment and rejection of Hollingsworth's demands as pure, self-absorbed male ego, she drowns herself in the river. Although she commits suicide, with penetrating perception she names him as her murderer, burdening Hollingsworth with the guilt in his refusal to allow her both independence and love. Her own role she had assessed with equal clarity, in a more than half-bitter remark to the narrator:

> "It is genuine tragedy, is it not?" rejoined Zenobia, with a sharp, light laugh. "And you are willing to allow, perhaps, that I have had hard measure. But it is a woman's doom, and I have deserved it like a woman; so let there be not pity, as, on my part, there shall be no complaint . . . . As for the moral: [it is this]—that the whole universe, her own sex and yours, and Providence, or Destiny, to boot, make common cause against the woman who swerves one hair's breadth out of the beaten track." (p. 229).

Tragedy becomes increasingly the prerogative of the woman in American fiction: for her who steps outside society's tightening image of womanhood, solitude can be her only companion, while man is her judge and sentencer.

While it seems clear that Zenobia, and not Priscilla, is the major female character of this novel, and the focus of Hawthorne's concern, the willingness of critics to follow Pygmalion's role has mistakenly raised Priscilla to a height not unlike that constructed by Hollingsworth.[8] In conjunction with other of Hawthorne's works, however—*The Scarlet Letter*, "Rappaccini's Daughter," and "The Birthmark" come to mind—it seems clear that his interest lies not with the successful Galatea, but with the failed one. He does not serve Pygmalion's vision, but he does portray the consequences of the American heroine's failure to achieve or to maintain herself within the narrow distinctions of perfection which had come to define her. He is the delineator of "the woman who swerves one hair's breadth out of the beaten track."

Such objectivity may not be so easily ascribed to Henry James, perhaps because he bears the additional burden of writing during the period in which the confinement of the American woman by the Galatean myth was most stringent. Writing at the end of the nineteenth century, James precisely explored a variety of Galatean dilemmas, infusing the element of money and the standard of art. While images of the consequent, irreconcilable demands upon women are to be seen in the careers of many of his heroines, perhaps his best portrayal of the American Galatea is to be found in *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). Isabel Archer, an American girl of taste, intelligence, sensitivity and fair beauty, is suddenly liberated by a large inheritance so that she acquires the means to realize her imaginative potential to the utmost. That the inheritance is given her through the specific intercessions of a male cousin who wishes to nourish and observe that development is no accident; Pygmalion has ever been desirous of attaching his creation more firmly to himself by adorning and developing it. Prevented, however, by his consumption from marrying her himself, Ralph Touchett must split Pygmalion's role with the American expatriate Gilbert Osmond, who lives in Italy and who marries Isabel.

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[8] As, for example, at the American Literature Section at the December 1970 MLA meetings. Three of the four eminent scholars of American literature (with the notable exception of Louis Auchincloss) managed to discuss *The Blithedale Romance* for two hours without mentioning Zenobia except in a derogatory or slighting manner. Zenobia was simply an artificial, overemotional, misguided and willful character who fully deserved the dark veil of death, while Priscilla was elevated and admired to the nth degree as the symbol of mystery, nature and womanhood.

On the basis of our carefully delimited knowledge, Osmond seems the perfect choice: he appears utterly indifferent to the claims of the world–material, social, economic–and supremely sensitive to the appeals of art, a sensitivity he indulges so far as his limited means allow. He is the appreciator *par excellence*, and, as he suggests to Isabel, "A woman's natural mission is to be where she's most appreciated."[9] Under his touch, Isabel might become the smooth "handled ivory" (p. 286), the choicest of his art objects. Isabel and Osmond seem absolutely matched: the ultimate choice, the ultimate chooser. And so they marry, forming a union of two minds that was to be indifferent to grosser claims.

In the eight years that follow, each discovers the enormity of the mistake. Osmond, admiring Isabel's beauty and her partial reticence before their marriage, assumed her as pliable before his intellectual as before his aesthetic direction. The minor flaw he once noticed becomes with time the abyss that divides them: she is indeed "too full of ideas" (p. 286), too full of judgments, impulses and freedoms not amenable to his sculpture. He is discovered in return to be the diametric opposite to Isabel's impression of him: he is not indifferent to society, but supremely obsessed by it, and regulated only by the thin but impenetrable mask of simulated indifference. He is not the unusual, but the utterly conventional; in fact, as Ralph later tells Isabel, she is being "ground in the very mill of the conventional" (p. 545). The bright future of fulfillment toward which she set out so eagerly becomes, in a moment of bitter insight, the dark alley, dead-end. Nowhere in the fates of earlier Pygmalion's Images does the word *freedom* appear more frequently, or with greater poignance, being truly and illimitably lost by the heroine's own actions.

The most intriguing action of the novel is Isabel's last, her decision to return to Osmond from England, where she has gone for Ralph's death and funeral. Once in England, her distance from Osmond, the death of Ralph, and the shock of the revelations that she was married for her money and that the marriage was engineered by Osmond's former mistress, leave Isabel in a moral suspension. If she returns to Osmond, it will be entirely on his terms: as a doll, a creation, as the shell of his ambitions. If she does not return, she tarnishes the last free choice she has made, her marriage vows. The choice is between fulfillment of the self and fulfillment of the image. By introducing as her only remaining future a life of lust with Caspar Goodwood, James forces Isabel consistently into a role as object, as the reflector of men's desires. As such a woman, Isabel must choose only the fulfillment of the image, the "very straight path" (p. 559) back into the dead life.

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[9] Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady* (New York: Washington Square Press, Inc., 1963), p. 247.

The significance of this decision has been reflected in the easy critical assumption that by her actions Isabel surpasses the limitations of her life, and that the life she glimpsed on the train north will go on fruitfully for her for a long time. In short, her choice is applauded as moral and vital. In reality, it can be neither. She returns herself to a lifetime of servitude to Osmond's grinding egotism. She will be denied, as she has been denied since she married, the exercise of her intellect and her freedom. She will be required to serve only as the external shell of Osmond's image, while privately she will be goaded for insubordination and treason.[10] In returning she denies herself, and clings to the only fulfillment she once envisioned in the promise of marriage, now emptied of meaning and stilted of form. It is a choice spiritually immoral; yet, given her evolution, Isabel is afforded no real alternative. Henry James does not permit Pygmalion's impulse literally to kill this heroine; but such slow, internal death may well surpass that grosser end.

The question which inevitably arises is whether the difficulty lies with the sex of the author; whether female authors have been able to create heroines more successfully human and independent. The heroine of Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth* is, if anything, still more the essence of the American Galatea than Isabel Archer. Created just after the turn of the century, she reflects the most exacerbated development of Galatea in late nineteenth-century America. Pure physical beauty is Lily Bart's outstanding characteristic. Independent of gold and jewels, this beauty persists and is recognized by the male characters, who seek as collectors to possess and adorn Lily as the ultimate demonstration of their powers.

Yet as "some rare flower grown for exhibition, a flower from which every bud had been nipped except the crowning blossom of her beauty,"[11] Lily has paid for her refinement by losing the ability to adapt. Her perfection is maintained at the cost of an extraordinary dependence:

> She had always accepted with philosophic calm the fact that such existences as hers were pedestalled on foundations of obscure humanity. The dreary limbo of dinginess lay all around and beneath that little illuminated circle in which life reached its finest efflorescence, as the mud and sleet of a winter night enclose a hothouse filled with tropical flowers. All this was in the natural order of things, and the orchid basking in its artificially created atmosphere could round the delicate curves of its petals undisturbed by the ice on the panes. (p. 159).

The financial dependence of Lily's moral, spiritual and aesthetic well-being is absolute. A four thousand dollar check makes her glow physically with the relief it provides; the dankness of a furnished apartment makes her shrink painfully within. Since money belongs to the men, marriage becomes Lily's vocation, what she and many others are "all brought up for" (p. 11). Wharton creates her story by depriving Lily of the money which is necessary for her survival, and by endowing her with a spirit which resists a loveless alliance for the sake of that survival.

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[10] Precedent clearly exists for this in the novel, when Osmond accuses Isabel of preventing Lard Warburton (her former suitor) from marrying Osmond's daughter Pansy. Isabel has not, clearly, made the very best of cases, for she sees that Pansy is not in love with Warburton, but she has definitely exceeded her own concepts of loyalty by pressing the suit as far as she does. Osmond, nevertheless, regards it as deliberate gross betrayal.

[11] Edith Wharton, *The House of Mirth* (1905; rpt. New York: Signet Classics of the New American Library, 1964), p. 329.

Wharton seems thus to doom her Galatean heroine as surely as James does in making Isabel marry Osmond. As Lily falls down through the levels of society which represent life to her, the outer shell of her beauty seems to harden, and the spirit within to disappear. Although the core of her innocence remains untarnished, its surface is constantly compromised. Withdrawing from situations of potential vulnerability—being in debt to Gus Trenor, amusing George Dorset so that his wife may dally with her latest lover—always too late to retrieve her position, Lily falls finally out of society. She labors briefly, and unsuccessfully, as a milliner's apprentice until, seeking peace in a night tormented by visions of her future, she takes a possibly accidental overdose of a sleeping potion, and dies.

As the ultimate Galatea, Lily's fate might have been averted at many points in her downfall. She possesses the assets of unusual beauty and refined taste, and the ability, as Lawrence Selden tells her, to "produce premeditated effects extemporaneously" (p. 71). As she is driven by the desire to be to some man "the one possession in which he took sufficient pride to spend money on it" (p. 53), so she is desired by the men in the novel for precisely those purposes of exhibition. Sim Rosedale tells her that "What I want is a woman who'll hold her head higher the more diamonds I put on it . . ." (p. 185)—and Lily is that woman. When she appears, literally fulfilling the Pygmalion myth, as an *objet d'art* in the Brys' evening tableaux, Ned Van Alstyne crudely voices Lily's sexual attraction as well:

> "Gad, what a show of good-looking women; but not one of 'em could touch that little cousin of mine. Talk of jewels—what's a woman want with jewels when she's got herself to show? The trouble is that all these fal-bals they wear cover up their figures when they've got 'em." (p. 145).

Marriage has become a public market in this novel. The "house of mirth" is a whorehouse where the bargains for money and power and possession are permanent.

Even Lawrence Selden, the impecunious connoisseur in whose presence alone Lily feels free and whom she loves—more than any man Selden assumes Pygmalion's role of superiority towards this woman whom he almost loves. I quote *passim* from the first several pages of the novel, when he invites Lily to tea:

> An *impulse* of *curiosity* made him turn out of his direct line to the door. . . . it *amused* him to think of *putting her skill to the test*. . . . the adventure struck him as *diverting*. As a *spectator* he had always *enjoyed* Lily Bart. . . . Her discretions *interested* him almost as much as her imprudences: *he was so sure that both were part of the same carefully elaborated plan*. In *judging* Miss Bart he had always made use of the "argument from design." . . . He had carried his cup to the fireplace and stood leaning against the chimney-piece and looking down on her with an air of *indolent amusement*. The provocation in her eyes increased his *amusement*—he had not supposed she would waste her powder on such small game; but *perhaps she was only keeping her hand in;* or perhaps *a girl of her type had no conversation* but of the personal kind. (pp. 5-10; italics mine).

Selden's ostensible modesty conceals a

sizable egotism and a persistent and deliberate attitude of superiority to Lily. His only emotional investment, a "republic of the spirit," is open to none but himself. Selden clearly breathes in the same tradition as Coverdale and plays no less Pygmalion's role.

Wharton, unlike James, directly portrays the raw Pygmalion impulse and its crippling effects. Perhaps more important, she evolves in her heroine a spirit which mitigates and illumines Lily's downfall. Isabel's spirit was annulled, but Lily's unfolds. As we first saw her, she was charming but calculating, arrogant and brilliant and not entirely innocent. As she falls, however, she learns to perceive and appreciate, as well as to extend, the human kindnesses of spirit. She recognizes Rosedale no longer as a Jew, but now as a kind human being behind his persistent pecuniary evaluation. She herself, while still solvent, gives money to a working-girls' club, and provides a sanatorium cure for one of its members. She overwhelms Selden on her last visit with a simple confession of past love and past faults. The new spirit shines translucent through the illness which wastes her.

This sense of value also permits her to meet a last test of the spirit: a ten thousand dollar legacy, with which she may either repay her debt to Trenor, or begin a new life under its continued burden. Shrinking both from a blazing vision of poverty and from that of the rootlessness into which her role has led her, she sends the money to Trenor and dies under the drug. She dies to preserve value which has emerged so painfully out of the long fall, and because only this way can she prevent its dilution: "She felt an intense longing to prolong, to perpetuate, the momentary exaltation of her spirit. If only life could end now— . . ." (p. 333). Lily's suicide grows out of a desperate strength and an assertion of value; neither Isabel nor Zenobia can claim such a vision. This, perhaps, is the distinction of the female author.

Yet not all depends on sex.[12] The social and literary evolution of Pygmalion's Image into a state of absolute dependency rendered the American heroine generically unfit for survival by the end of the nineteenth century. In almost direct parallel to the increased visibility and violence associated with the suffragist movement between 1900 and 1920 a new generation of heroines emerged: Dreiser's Carrie Meeber, Glasgow's Dorinda Oakley, Wharton's Ellen Olenska struggled to assert a self-determination increasingly spectacular after that century of dependence. To the challenge of self-determination was added the life of the mind and the freedom of spirit impossible to a Galatea. Still, love was not yet compatible with that self-definition, perhaps because, while heroines changed, heroes did not. Thus the independent heroines reeled in the twenties and thirties before the intellectual onslaught of Freud, and the heroes rose again. The new woman was replaced by the bitter, shrewish or destructive females in Hemingway and Fitzgerald, by the blank vicious flappers or the oversimplified earth-mothers in Faulkner, the "Moms" in Wylie's *Generation of Vipers,* who destroyed what progress might have been achieved. The heroine has yet to recover.

What questions and conclusions may be drawn from this situation? First, the critic must recognize the close reflection in fiction of archetyping and idealization of women in life. Speculation may be invited as to what role fiction plays, not merely in reflecting these stereotypes, but in consolidating and perpetuating them. The suffragist movement began in 1848; yet not for half a century did fiction begin to reflect the demands or aspirations, the new images of that effort. Is this a masculine bias; is it a peculiarity of the fictional response to life? How dependent are our present fictional *and* social views of women on the nineteenth-century Pygmalion Image, or on the reactions and counterreactions to it?

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[12] Nineteenth-century authors of the "domestic" novel, for instance, were often women; yet they subjected their heroines to the same strictures as those imposed by male novelists.

It must be recognized that in fiction, as frequently in life, woman is taken to be feminine first and human second; that the definition of what is feminine depends upon man's idealization or disparagement of woman; and that the heroine is judged most frequently as she fulfills or betrays that idealization. This is to be distinguished from the human question, which is fulfillment or betrayal of the self, a consideration until now reserved to the hero. Such consideration must be extended to fictional heroines of the past and of the present as well. Women and men alike, real or fictional, must be judged not by their fulfillment of preconceived and sex-based models, but by the degree of their humanity, by the extent to which they betray or fulfill the self. Only then may the scholar truly become the humanist.

Dolores Barracano Schmidt

The Great American Bitch

When a character appears and reappears virtually unchanged in the work of a number of different authors over a period of time, we may theorize (a) that the character is derivative, the writers having used a common model; or (b) that the character is a product of social conditioning, an ideal or counter-ideal of the prevailing values of the society; or (c) that the character is a symbolic fulfillment of the writers' needs, a mythical being invented to give solace in an otherwise terrifying situation. The evolution of the Great American Bitch as literary archetype would seem, partially at least, to validate each of these hypotheses.

The Great American Bitch is that antiheroine of a thousand faces, one example of whom is Margot, the taut, unhappy wife of Francis Macomber, a type emerging in American literature in the post-World War I era and still very much alive and constantly kicking in the literary suburbias of Herbert Gold, Roth, Cheever, and Updike. She is Martha in Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and all these first wives who provide so convenient an excuse for infidelity and divorce in today's domestic novels. She bears little resemblance to Shakespeare's shrew or the familiar "ball and chain" figure, women generally viewed affectionately, and more important, women who are ultimately tamable, their bark being far worse than their bite. The bitch is no laughing matter; she is a man-eater.

According to Edmund Wilson, she is "the impossible civilized woman who despises the civilized man for his failure in initiative and nerve and then jealously tries to break him down as soon as he begins to exhibit any." She is well-educated, well-married, attractive, intelligent, desirable, admired by her husband, envied by others, the woman who appears to have everything and is totally dissatisfied with it. "They are," says one of Hemingway's characters, himself neither American nor married, "the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened." Her constant demands and ever-increasing dissatisfaction are unsolved mysteries to her men, who, like Sinclair Lewis's man who didn't know Coolidge, wistfully wonder "... whether with all the great things we got in this greatest nation in the world ... even with all of this, ... if we don't lack something in American life, when you consider that you almost never see an American married couple that really like each other and like to be with each other."

One year after having made this ob-

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servation, Lewis wrote *Dodsworth*, the work which assured his nomination for the Nobel Prize in literature, making him the first American to be so honored. It is on the Jamesian theme of a successful American businessman's coming-of-age in Europe. The moment of truth occurs for Sam Dodsworth on page 376 of a 377-page work, when, after twenty years of marriage, he talks back to his wife: "I'm just your attendant. . . . I didn't used to mind your embarrassing me and continually putting me in my place. Didn't even know you were doing it. But I do now, and I won't stand for it!" But though Dodsworth and American literature simultaneously reached maturity, American marriage, according to Lewis, continued to be dominated by the Great American Bitch. In 1945, in his "Novel of Husbands and Wives," *Cass Timberlane*, 99.44% of the homes are occupied by obedient, attendant husbands and spoiled, dissatisfied wives. One character, looking about Grand Republic ". . . suspected that many husbands were afraid of their wives, quiveringly trying to placate those small tyrants. He wondered if there was any country save America in which a large share of the men were frightened continuously by their own wives."

It is somewhat surprising to find that the man-eating female in American literature is not the ambitious careeer woman competing in a man's world, not the unwomanly intellectual whose mind outweighs her heart, nor the unsexed non-woman, fearful and envious of penis-power. Instead she is always wife and, quite often, mother; she does not work outside the home, except, perhaps, as a volunteer, more sociable than social in impulse; she is educated, but not intellectual; well-informed, but not cultivated; her house is usually clean, orderly, well-run, though she is not a house-wife in the sense of one devoted to domesticity. Here, perhaps, is both equation and solution: the woman who is neither a careeer woman nor a hausfrau *equals* the woman without clear-cut identity *equals* the confused, dissatisfied wife *equals* the Great American Bitch. The praying-mantis, around which, according to Simone de Beauvoir, has crystallized the myth of devouring femininity, shows her cruelty especially in captivity; but under natural conditions, when she is free in the midst of abundant food, she rarely dines on the male.

When one considers the period during which this figure becomes established in our literature, the picture comes into clearer focus. The two decades from 1900–1920 represent a new high in effort and achievement for American feminism: women were fighting for equality. The final battle for the ballot was fought by the growing numbers of college-trained women and won in 1920, the year, according to Betty Friedan, which was the turning-point in woman's identity in America. The most dramatic alteration in the image of the American woman came right after World War I, and the flapper of the '20s, remains the symbol of the emancipated woman. She was a joyous symbol: single, free, worldly, independent, confident—and thoroughly unlike the girl who had married dear old Dad.

The old saw, "Imagine the courage it took to be the first man to cook and eat a lobster," might well be applied here, for the writers coming of age during this period—Hemingway, Lewis, Fitzgerald, Anderson—, the writers who created the Great American Bitch archetype (or did they merely record social history?), were the courageous men who first wooed and won and attempted to set up happy homes with the new, emancipated American woman. Somehow the emphasis on the woman question had failed to acknowledge that there might be a man question, too. If woman had new rights and powers, had men lost old ones? If femininity no longer consisted of cooking and sewing and tending the babies, what did it consist of? Or did it cease to exist? What about masculinity? It is surely no coincidence that the themes of sexual identity, of homosexuality, of proving one's manhood in sexual terms, of impotent and unfulfilled lives dominate the literature of the twenties in America.

Consider *The Sun Also Rises*, that sad novel of the twenties—written in the twenties about the twenties by a writer then in his twenties—a novel in which sexual activity abounds but sexual fulfillment is totally absent. Brett with her "hair brushed back like a boy's," a jersey sweater and tweed skirt, her man's felt hat, her freedom to travel, drink, and talk like one of the chaps, is, nonetheless, "damned attractive," an extremely desirable woman, whose ability to dominate every man she meets dooms her to a life of unfulfillment. This represents, however, a man's view of female fulfillment, explicitly sexual in nature and based solely on the subordination-domination pattern.

A great many of the people in Hemingway's world are sexually incomplete, vaguely dissatisfied with their roles in the brave new post-World War I world. In "Cat in the Rain," the young American wife complains:

> "I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."
>
> George shifted his position on the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.
>
> "You look pretty darn nice," he said.
>
> "I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."
>
> "Yeah?" George said from the bed.
>
> "And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."
>
> "Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said.

The perfect squelch! If she is an educated, emancipated woman, she should develop her mind and curb her emotions, choose the intellect over the senses, prefer ideas to things. Her husband views her as his "equal," that is, one not free to develop her own tastes and attitudes as a fellow human being, but one competent and worthy of sharing his.

What, then, of that new, free spirit—the flapper? At what point does that charming hoyden turn into the Great American Bitch?—a question, incidentally, which represents the theme of practically all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's work. Notice how subtly, how insidiously, that glorious new freeedom is being defined by men: an independent woman will never find true happiness, and "Shut up and get something to read." Unmated, she is incomplete; once mated, she has neither the freedom of self-determination nor the possibility of returning to the traditional roles of woman, wife, mother. Political equality at least as represented by the ballot had been won, but social equality within the institution of marriage was still far from a reality. The revision of marriage to accommodate equals turned the woman problem into a man problem. Lewis's Cass Timberlane, who believed that "If the world of the twentieth century . . . cannot succeed in

. . . married love, then it has committed suicide," remarks on the impulsiveness of his young wife:

> Like all these girls, she feels—and how can you blame her—that she must have her own life. Besides that, I'm no longer the family priest to her or a guide or a refuge; I'm just A Husband.

Thus, the "just-a-housewife" syndrome had become a male disease. Yet even Cass, good, patient, loving, who understands and sympathizes with his wife's desire for an identity of her own, views the problem of equality as primarily, perhaps exclusively, a sexual one: ". . . in the future of married life . . . will men have to let their wives have as many lovers as they want?" His reasoning is that in the past women have endured their husbands' infidelities, and it is our turn now. Here the shift from a double standard to a single one, surely a valid part of equality, is restricted by male chauvinism: the male pattern is the desirable one, the one sought by females.

It seemed the new woman had the same old husband, still viewing her unjustly. As Sarah Grimké had said in the 1830's: "Man has inflicted an unspeakable injury upon woman, by holding up to her view her animal nature, and placing in the background her moral and intellectual being." For though feminism had concentrated on educational, social, and legislative reform in the fight for equality, men viewed it primarily as a sexual revolution, continuing to think of women as female animals: sex partners and breeders. In truth, almost everyone was afraid of Virginia Woolf: give a woman a room of her own and she would soon be using it for all manner of debauchery. Independence and education are translated into specifically sexual terms: freeing women to think and wonder and seek answers about the world will lead to immodest, immoral behavior. As ever the liberated woman is equated with the loose one, the quick-witted with the fast. The American woman having asked for the right to become herself is suspected instead of wanting to be himself. Beneath all the tragic implications of failed human relationships in the fiction of Lewis, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Anderson, and their later counterparts lies a sexism so profound that it can view equality of men and women only in terms of women's being permitted to become men because only men can be equal to men.

In the published fiction of Hemingway, no relationship with an emancipated American woman is ever satisfying to the two of them. Only the "amoeba-like heroines," to use Edmund Wilson's term, —Maria of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the little Indian girls of Nick Adams' adolescence, Renata of *Across the River and Into the Trees*—are adequately adjusted to their roles as women, i.e., they flatter a man's ego, respond to his caresses, fill his sexual needs, and do not bother him otherwise. It is the *Playboy* ideal, though Hemingway was too honest a writer to portray the girl as a modern, college-educated, all-American dream. His American married woman is a bitch and she knows it. As Dorothy of *To Have and Have Not* says, "I suppose we all end up as bitches but whose fault is it?"

Though the question is rhetorical, there is an answer, one partially provided by Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex:*

> . . . Society being codified by men, decrees that woman is inferior: she can do away with this inferiority only by destroying the male's superiority. She sets about mutilating, dominating man, she contradicts him, she denies his truth and his values . . . All oppression creates a state of war. And this is no exception.

The Great American Bitch as a social type is a product of that same seething injustice at a promise solemnly made and gratuitously rescinded as is the American Black. She shares what Baldwin has termed "the rage of the disesteemed," a rage which is

> personally fruitless, but . . . absolutely inevitable. . . . This rage . . . is one of the things that makes history. Rage can only with difficulty, and never entirely be brought under the domination of the intelligence . . . Also rage cannot be hidden, it can only be dissembled. This dissembling deludes the thoughtless, and strengthens rage, and adds, to rage, contempt.

Contempt, of course, is the very essence of the character of the Great American Bitch.

Does this imply that the appearance of the new American wife, the Great American Bitch, in our literature is evidence of the writers' sensitivity to social currents, testimony to their abilities to observe carefully and record accurately the tensions of modern marriage? Certainly she is not unlike the woman Betty Friedan somewhat belatedly discovers, the college-educated suburban wife with "the problem that has no name," a malady diagnosed by Miss Friedan as being caused by "the fact that American women are kept from growing to their full human capacities."

Unfortunately, the Great American Bitch, who becomes EVERYWIFE in the American literary suburbias of the '60s and probably '70s, signifies something much more sinister than an accurate social observation by naturalistic writers. For male American fiction writers, unlike de Beauvoir and Friedan, present this character not as a victim, but as a *cause*. She is to blame for marital unhappiness, infidelity, divorce, alienation. Men have, in Hemingway's words "softened or gone to pieces nervously" because of them; in Wilson's words, she is "the impossible civilized woman," the clue to disintegration of accord between the sexes. Refusing to be soft and passive, she has made it impossible for her mate to be tough and aggressive. Casting off her femininity, she destroys his masculinity and then scorns his weakness. Rarely in the extensive literature of bitchery is it suggested that society, conditioning, patriarchy, the institutions of marriage and the nuclear family may need revision in order to stem the general dissatisfaction and unhappiness, the extensive and profound failure of human relationships in American life. Instead, all accusing fingers for five decades have been pointed at the Great American Bitch. Depicted exclusively in the restricted sphere of home and social life, where she appears to dominate, she is rarely viewed in her true powerlessness, far removed from any source of significant decision making. The Great American Bitch of fiction, therefore, is more myth than reality, a fabrication used to maintain the *status quo*. She is a figure about whom a whole cluster of values and taboos clings: women's fight for equality was a mistake, look at the unhappiness it has caused, the guilt and conflict it has generated; women are not equipped for civilization, they are at their best when natural, instinctive, accepting anatomical destiny and total dependency. By being so thoroughly hateful, the Great American Bitch of fiction reinforces the sexist view: true happiness is based on True Womanhood, feminine subordination which supports male domination.

I do not mean in any way to denigrate the literary accomplishments of the authors referred to: Hemingway, Lewis, Fitzgerald are giants of twentieth-century fiction, here and abroad. I do think, however, that we must reconsider our critical judgments and be particularly careful how we apply such sweeping critical terms as "realistic," "acute social observers," "universal in theme and values." They present a specifically *male* view, and in these particular cases, a threatened male view of their times. It is in their female characters, created not experienced, that the nature of their fears and wishes will be found. It is from these fears and wishes that the Great American Bitch of fiction evolved.

CAROL OHMANN

Emily Brontë in the Hands of Male Critics

ELAINE SHOWALTER in "Women and the Literary Curriculum" has commented briefly on the ways in which sexual bias or sexual prejudice influences our reading of literature. I want to expand on the point, and shall draw my examples of such bias or prejudice from responses to Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*. I shall be concerned, first, with contemporary reviews of the novel, then with two modern critical essays that seem to me to typify the biased treatment the novel has received, by no means always, but frequently and continuingly in its 120-year history.

Wuthering Heights recommends itself to such a study, I think, for several reasons. First, there is its greatness—its large suggestivity; the novel appears to be inexhaustible and it will support interpretations of widely varying emphasis. Second, there is the fact of its pseudonymous publication under the name of Ellis Bell in December, 1847, and its second edition three years later, when Charlotte Brontë identified Ellis Bell as her sister Emily. The second edition was accompanied by Charlotte's famous "Biographical Notice," which told the reading public in very moving prose of the brief lives and the deaths of both her sisters.[1] Finally, there is Emily Brontë's reticence. Apart from her poems, her novel, and possibly her Gondal prose narratives—if these survived her, they were later destroyed or lost—she left only a few school essays, a handful of letters and diary fragments. To a degree unusual, then, for a modern or near-modern writer, she *became* at her death her admirers, or her detractors. Where she had been silent, they spoke, and, including her sister Charlotte, made of her what they would.

The pseudonyms all the Brontës chose for their joint volume of poems and for their novels were, Charlotte reported, deliberately selected to admit of ambiguous interpretation. They did not wish to choose names avowedly masculine; they would not call themselves, for example, Charles, Edward, and Alfred. On the other hand, as Charlotte wrote afterwards, "We did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine'—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise."[2]

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[1] Ellis and Acton Bell, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*. A new edition revised, with a biographical notice of the authors, a selection from their literary remains, and a preface, by Currer Bell (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1850).

[2] "Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell," *Wuthering Heights: An Authoritative*

Contemporary reviews of *Wuthering Heights*, all five found in Emily Brontë's writing desk and others as well, referred to Ellis Bell as "he." "He" had written a book which, give or take certain differences of emphasis, was declared to be powerful and original. Although an occasional review acknowledged that it was a story of love, its essential subject was taken to be a representation of cruelty, brutality, violence, of human depravity or wickedness in its most extreme forms. Its lack of moral statement or purpose was taken to be either puzzling or censurable. It was awkwardly constructed. But, even so, in spite of the degree to which the reviewers were, variously, displeased, inclined to melancholy, shocked, pained, anguished, disgusted, and sickened, a number of them allowed the novel to be the work of a promising, possibly a great, new writer.

Most of the reviewers simply assumed without comment that the writer's sex was masculine. Two American reviewers did more: they made much of the novelist's sex and found plain evidence of it in the novel itself. Percy Edwin Whipple, in *The North American Review,* found in *Jane Eyre* the signatures of both a male and a female mind.[3] He supposed that two persons had written it, a brother and a sister. To the sister, he attributed certain "feminine peculiarities": "elaborate descriptions of dress"; "the minutiæ of the sick-chamber"; and "various superficial refinements of feeling in regard to the external relations of the sex." He went on to assert, "It is true that the noblest and best representations of female character have been produced by men; but there are niceties of thought and emotion in a woman's mind which no man can delineate, but which often escape unawares from a female writer" (356).

From the brother, Whipple derived the novel's clarity and firmness of style, all its charm, and its scenes of profanity, violence, and passion. These scenes, he was virtually certain, were written by the same hand that wrote *Wuthering Heights.* Turning to *Wuthering Heights,* Whipple concentrated on the novel's presentation of Heathcliff, whom he found quintessentially bestial, brutal, indeed monstrous. He did allot a few lines to Heathcliff in love, but without mentioning Catherine. He scored the author of *Wuthering Heights* for "coarseness" and for being a "spendthrift of malice and profanity" (358).

George Washington Peck, in *The American Review,* did not overtly theorize on the sex of the author of *Wuthering Heights.* He assumed it to be masculine, then elaborated on the assumption in a rush of comparisons. The novel's language might be that of a Yorkshire farmer or a boatman or of frequenters of "bar-rooms and steamboat saloons."[4] He

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Text with Essays in Criticism, ed. William M. Sale, Jr. (New York: W. W. Norton, 1963), p. 4. All quotations from *Wuthering Heights* are taken also from this edition.

[3] "Novels of the Season," *The North American Review,* LXVII (1848), 353. K. J. Fielding identifies the reviewer in "The Brontës and 'The North American Review': A Critic's Strange Guesses," *Brontë Society Transactions,* XIII (1957), 14-18.

[4] "Wuthering Heights," *The American Review,* NS I (1848), 573. Additional reviews of the first edition consulted are the following: *The Athenæum,* Dec. 25, 1847, 1324-25: *The Atlas,* XXIII (1848), 59; *Britannia,* Jan. 15, 1848; *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper,* Jan. 15, 1848; *The Examiner,* Jan. 8, 1848, 21-22; *Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book,* XXXVII (1848), 57; *Graham's Magazine,* XXXIII (1848), 60; *Literary World,* III (1848), 243; *The New Monthly Magazine and Humourist,* LXXXII (1848), 140; *The Quarterly Review,* LXXXIV (1848), 153-185; *The Spectator,* XX (1847), 1217; *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine,* XV (1848),

cautioned young ladies against imitating it, lest American social assemblies come to resemble certain scenes in Tammany Hall. The novel's author Peck likened to a "rough sailor [with] a powerful imagination" (573). He is like a friend of whom one is fond and yet by whom one is continually embarrassed. He is not a gentleman. He would embarrass you with his *gaucheries* whether you were walking down Broadway with him or across the fields of Staten Island or dropping into a shop or store anywhere. Among his eccentricities or faults is a disposition to believe that he understands women. But he does *not* understand them. *He* cannot see *them* as *they* are. He can only see them as he is, and then, just slightly, refine them.

There are not so many reviews of the second edition of *Wuthering Heights.* But there are enough, I think, to show that once the work of Ellis Bell was identified as the work of a woman, critical responses to it changed. Where the novel had been called again and again "original" in 1847 and 1848, the review in the *Athenæum* in 1850 began by firmly placing it in a familiar class, and that class was not in the central line of literature. The review in the *Athenæum* began by categorizing *Wuthering Heights* as a work of "female genius and female authorship."[5] The reviewer was really not surprised to learn that *Jane Eyre* and its "sister-novels" were all written by women. The nature of the novels themselves, together with "instinct or divination," had already led the reviewer to that conclusion, which was now simply confirmed by Charlotte Brontë's "Biographical Notice." The review quotes a great deal from the "Notice": Charlotte's description of the isolation of Haworth, her discovery of Emily's poems, the silence that greeted their publication in *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell,* and the deaths of both Emily and Anne. It is on Emily Brontë's *life* that the review spends most of its 2,000 words. References to *Wuthering Heights* are late and few, and then it is grouped not only with *Jane Eyre* but also with *Agnes Grey*. All three are "characteristic tales"—characteristic of the Bell, that is to say the Brontë, sisters, and, more generally, of tales women write. A single sentence is given to *Wuthering Heights* alone: "To those whose experience of men and manners is neither extensive nor various, the construction of a self-consistent monster is easier than the delineation of an imperfect or inconsistent reality. . . ." The review ends there, repeating still another time its classification of the novel. *Wuthering Heights,* with its "Biographical Notice," is a "more than usually interesting contribution to the history of female authorship in England."

I don't mean to suggest that this is the first time a reviewer for the *Athenæum* was ever condescending; the particular terms of the condescension are my point. Emily Brontë the novelist is reduced to Emily Brontë the person, whose fiction in turn is seen to be limited by the experiential limitation of the life. *Wuthering Heights* is an addition to the "history of female authorship in England."

138-140; *The Union Magazine*, June, 1848, 287; and an unidentified review quoted in full by Charles Simpson in *Emily Brontë* (London: Country Life, 1929). I am indebted for references to reviews of *Wuthering Heights* both to Melvin R. Watson, "*Wuthering Heights* and the Critics," *Trollopian*, III (1949), 243-263 and to Jane Gray Nelson, "First American Reviews of the Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë," *BST*, XIV (1964), 39-44. Nelson lists one review that I have not so far seen: *Peterson's Magazine*, June, 1848.

[5] *The Athenæum*, Dec. 28, 1850. All quotations are from pp. 1368-69.

There are other consequences that attend the knowledge or the presumption that Ellis Bell is not a man but a woman. Sydney Dobell published a long essay titled "Currer Bell" in the *Palladium* three months before he could have known on Charlotte's authority that her sister had written *Wuthering Heights*. But he already "knew" from the intrinsic nature of *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Agnes Grey*, and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* that they were written by women; indeed, he thought them written by the same woman.[6] Approaching *Wuthering Heights* with that conviction, he stressed the youthfulness of its author. And he likened her to a little bird fluttering its wings against the bars of its cage, only to sink at the last exhausted. Later, when it had more practice writing novels, it would fly freely into the heavens. Dobell stressed also the "involuntary art" of the novel. (Whipple, you may remember, had said that female authors sometimes wrote well "unawares.") Finally, Dobell saw the novel primarily as a love story, and for the first time made the heroine Catherine the major focus of interest, but only insofar as she was in love. With Heathcliff, Dobell contended, the "authoress" was less successful.

It is clear, I hope, in these instances (and the same can be argued of other contemporary responses) that there is a considerable correlation between what readers assume or know the sex of the writer to be and what they actually see, or neglect to see, in "his" or her work. *Wuthering Heights* is one book to Percy Edwin Whipple and George Washington Peck, who quarrel strenuously with its "morals" and its taste, but another to the reviewer for the *Athenæum*, who puts it calmly in its place and discourses on the life of the clergyman's daughter who wrote it. And Peck's rough sailor is born anew as Dobell's piteous bird with wings too young to fly.

Sexual prejudice continues to affect readers' responses to *Wuthering Heights* and to its author. In his well-known essay "Fiction and the 'Analogical Matrix,' " Mark Schorer remarks that Emily Brontë set out to write one kind of novel and in fact wrote another; that she began "by wishing to instruct her narrator, the dandy, Lockwood, in the nature of a grand passion," but finished by "instructing herself in the vanity of human wishes."[7] Writing the novel was a "moral teething" for the novelist: "Lockwood is instructed in the nature of a grand passion, but he and Emily Brontë together are instructed in its final fruits: even roaring fires end in a bed of ashes. Her metaphors instruct her, and her verbs" (p. 90).

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[6] "Currer Bell," *Palladium*, I (1850). Reprinted in *Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell*, ed. E. Jolly (London, 1878), I, 163-186 and in *BST*, V (1918), 210-236. Additional reviews of the second edition consulted are the following: *The Eclectic Review*, XCIII (1851), 222-227; *The Examiner*, Dec. 21, 1850, 815; *The Leader*, Dec. 28, 1850, 953; *The North American Review*, LXXXV (1857), 293-329. The last review, later than the others, appeared in response to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. It implies an apology for the first *North American* review of *Wuthering Heights*. Knowing the lives of the Brontës, the 1857 reviewer finds *Wuthering Heights* peculiar, but he also finds the novel easy to dismiss–its peculiarity or strangeness mirrors the "distorted fancy" of the writer's life, lived in isolation and deprivation. The novel lies outside normal human experience; it would be inappropriate to bring moral judgment to bear on it. Virtually the same attitude is taken by the reviewer in *The Eclectic Review*. The review in *The Leader*, by G. H. Lewes, is probably the best of the contemporary ones. Still, it would not be difficult to trace in it the operation of sexual prejudice, although the argument would, I think, take more space than I have allotted to any single review here. Charlotte Brontë was quite alert to Lewes's bias, as she revealed in a letter to him dated Nov. 1, 1849. Allan R. Brick gives excerpts from the *Leader* review and comments revealingly on Charlotte Brontë's attitude toward it and toward other early reviews in "Lewes's Review of *Wuthering Heights*," *NCF*, XIV (1960), 355-359.

[7] "Fiction and the 'Analogical Matrix'," *Critiques and Essays on Modern Fiction, 1920-1951*, ed. John W. Aldridge (New York: Ronald, 1952), p. 87. This essay was first published in *KR*, XI (1949).

Now, according to Schorer, this is what Emily Brontë learned that she did not know before: she learned that man dies, that the world lasts longer than he does, that fires once lit sometime burn out, that rain is followed by shine, and storm by calm. None of these facts is hard to come by; most children learn them without setting pen to a single extended original composition, and, probably, Emily Brontë was 27 when she began *Wuthering Heights.* The critic has attributed to the novelist an extraordinary degree of naïveté. Ignorant of life and of nature, she was, he has also supposed, preoccupied by love and dazzled by its power. Again, it was only when she wrote her novel that she was instructed in love's limitations. Finally, Schorer claims, the composition of the novel did not proceed under the novelist's conscious control. To repeat his argument here, "Her metaphors instruct her, and her verbs"; "[her] verbs *demand* exhaustion, just as [her] metaphors *demand* rest" (90). With the personification of these grammatical components, the act of composition is figuratively denied to the novelist. Emily Brontë began writing *Wuthering Heights,* but it finished itself.

Schorer's suppositions about the writing of *Wuthering Heights* and the education of Emily Brontë remain just that—suppositions. He does not work to substantiate them. He has tacitly assumed that he has to do with "female genius and female authorship." He provides a twentieth-century version of Sydney Dobell's portrait of its author as a young woman who is concerned with love and writes with "art" involuntarily. Indeed, when Schorer attributes the novel's successful issue to its verbs and its adjectives, he offers a twentieth-century equivalent to one of the oldest of the Brontë myths—that Emily Brontë did not write *Wuthering Heights* at all, that its author was Branwell Brontë.[8]

While Mark Schorer sees *Wuthering Heights* as fortuitously successful, Thomas Moser sees it as an imperfectly controlled work, sometimes more, sometimes less, accomplished esthetically. The article in which he sets forth his convictions is titled: "What is the Matter with Emily Jane? Conflicting Impulses in *Wuthering Heights.*"[9] The title alludes, of course, to A. A. Milne's poem, "Rice Pudding":

What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner
again!
What *is* the matter with Mary Jane?

Moser's title betokens, I *think,* affection. But it also signifies condescension. The paternal or avuncular critic will not only read the novel; he will solve the personal mystery: what *was* the matter with Emily Jane?

The true subject of *Wuthering Heights,* Moser contends, is Heathcliff's "magical sexual power" (16). This is the power that moves the world, and Emily Brontë writes well when she passionately celebrates it. This is to say that she writes well in roughly the first half of the novel. To quote from Moser, "The authentic Emily Brontë who wrote the masterpiece we return to is the creator of Heathcliff, vibrating with energy, and Cathy, scorning the pusillanimous Edgar to cry across the moors to her demon lover" (19).

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[8] Irene Cooper Willis disposes of this myth and gives its history in *The Authorship of "Wuthering Heights"* (London: Hogarth, 1936); she summarizes her book under the same title in *Trollopian,* II (1947), 157-168.

[9] *NCF,* XVII (1962), 1-19.

As Emily Brontë turns to her second generation of characters, the place Wuthering Heights, and with it the novel, undergo what Moser terms "feminization" (15). "Feminization" is accompanied by a falling off in the novelist's artistry. For prominent example, Moser cites the figure of Cathy Linton, later Heathcliff. Cathy does not love Heathcliff; she is impervious to his magical sexual power. Far from crying to him across the moors, she scolds him in Wuthering Heights's equivalent of the family room. In Moser's words, "[Cathy] plays either the little heroine of Victorian stage melodrama spurning the cruel villain or the embattled champion of woman's rights castigating the dissolute male" (14). In other words, Cathy protests when she is married against her will, deprived of her property, and struck, left and right, on both sides of the head. As Cathy comes to love Hareton and verges on marriage with him, Moser argues further, *Wuthering Heights* becomes no better than a piece of slick fiction in the ladies' magazines. Hareton allows Catherine to deprive him of his masculinity; he permits the heroine to teach *him* to *read.* At its end, to quote Moser again, *Wuthering Heights* is "simply a superficial stereotyped tale of feminine longings" (15).

In this account, the novel has indeed become stereotypical. But, I would argue, the stereotypes are imposed from without rather than dramatized within the novel itself. Or at least they are not dramatized in the novel sentimentally and uncritically. Moser has approached *Wuthering Heights* with the idea that what is masculine is natural, unrestrained, energetically or vibrantly sexual, fearless, and forceful to the point of violence. And what is masculine is desirable and admirable, just as what is feminine is undesirable, even contemptible. What is feminine is inhibited, inhibiting, timid, conventional, and censorious. The novel is a masterpiece when it appears to celebrate this idea of masculinity; it is trash when it does not.

What *was* the matter with Emily Jane? Moser links his criticism of the novel to his idea of the life of the novelist and writes: "As the novel loses its force, the reader's mind inevitably wanders away from the work of art to its creator, the intense, inhibited spinster of Haworth" (15). Here, the clergyman's daughter of limited experience who appeared in the *Athenæum* review reappears in a post-Freudian re-creation: a sexually deprived and frustrated old maid. In line with this stereotype, Moser supposes that Emily Brontë did not "consciously accept" her true subject, that is to say, Heathcliff's magical sexual power (2). Probably, she "tried to disguise the truth from herself" (4); probably, she did not admit to herself what she was writing about. But, consciously or not, the intense, inhibited spinster of Haworth rejected her subject at her novel's end; the implication is that she lost her nerve.

I should like to argue, as others have done, that *Wuthering Heights* is a consistently controlled work; that Emily Brontë wrote it—it did not write itself; that there is no evidence whatsoever that the novelist took fright before her subject; and, finally, that *Wuthering Heights* reveals a sophisticated awareness of the very kinds of sexual prejudice that have so often interfered with the understanding of it. (I have mentioned essays by Schorer and Moser; if space would allow, I could go on—to essays by Lord David

Cecil, Richard Chase, Elliott Gose, Albert Guerard, James Hafley, Harry Levin, C. Day Lewis, Wade Thompson, and even Arnold Kettle, and the list would still not be complete.[10]) The true subject of *Wuthering Heights,* I take to be freedom, or at least the will to freedom.

Recall for a moment the Gondal poems and the prose epic that Fannie Ratchford has surmised once surrounded them.[11] In the poems and the epic, the dominant figure is the heroine, Augusta Geraldine Almeda, Princess of Alcona, and later Queen of Gondal. She is born a "smiling child," a "glorious child." She grows up independent, ambitious, adventurous both in love and politics. Her lovers are many; she succeeds in time to the throne. When she dies, it is by assassination, and not before a good fight with her adversary, whose blood marks a trail for pursuit across moors and into mountains. There, I would argue, in the epic Emily Brontë began when she was 14, are the "feminine longings" Moser thinks he finds at the conclusion of *Wuthering Heights.* They are certainly not longings for a close and clean-swept domesticity. Rather, I think, they are common youthful longings—for a life of love and adventure; for freedom to feel and to act. And to die grandly, or grandiosely, as the sun goes down.

Catherine Earnshaw is the realistically rendered successor to Gondal's Queen. Realistically rendered, hers is a story not of freedom enjoyed but of freedom lost. Even in her childhood, when she is "hardy" and "free," voices command Catherine constantly—to say her prayers, to obey, be neat, humble, dutiful, industrious, kind. The voices try to shape her into a useful, domestic article—the angel in the house. This is an idea of womanhood introduced in the opening pages of the novel by Lockwood. He addresses Cathy Linton or Heathcliff as "amiable lady"; he refers to her as "the presiding genius over . . . home and heart" and as a "beneficent fairy"; he is certain that "with that face" she cannot help being good-hearted. His assumptions are, of course, part of Lockwood's folly; he sees —not Cathy—but a type his culture has conditioned him to expect.

Catherine Earnshaw's visit to Thrushcross Grange initiates her into society or civilization, as Dorothy Van Ghent has argued most persuasively.[12] Catherine does not become the angel in the house; "heaven" never was her home. With her new clothes, she puts on the pattern of the fashionable young lady. Flattered, waited upon, beguiled with presents, she becomes vain of her appearance, restrains the way she moves and speaks. Henceforth, she is "Miss Catherine," a "beauty," a "lady," a "bright, graceful damsel." The great lyric passages in the first half of the novel celebrate the condition of freedom Catherine is just about to lose, or, after her marriage, has irrevocably lost. When she says, "[Heathcliff's] more myself than I am," she signifies, for one thing, that she is about to betray her best self, her most authentic self, to become "the greatest woman of the neighbourhood," but that he remains at large—in the condition of liberty they both knew as children.

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[10] David Cecil, "Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights,*" *Early Victorian Novelists* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1935), pp. 157-203; Richard Chase, "The Brontës: A Centennial Observance," *KR,* IX (1947), 487-506; Elliott B. Gose, Jr., "*Wuthering Heights:* The Heath and the Hearth," *NCF,* XXI (1966), 1-19; Albert J. Guerard, "Preface," *Wuthering Heights,* (New York: Washington Square, 1960), pp. v-ix; James Hafley, "The Villain in *Wuthering Heights,*" *NCF,* XIII (1958), 199-215; Harry Levin, "Janes and Emilies, Or The Novelist as Heroine," *SR,* I (1965), 735-753; C. Day Lewis, "Emily Brontë and Freedom," *Notable Images of Virtue* (Toronto: Ryerson, 1954), pp. 1-25; Wade Thompson, "Infanticide and Sadism in *Wuthering Heights,*" *PMLA,* LXXVIII (1963), 69-74; Arnold Kettle, "Emily Brontë: *Wuthering Heights,*" *Introduction to the English Novel* (New York: Harper, 1960), I, 139-155.

[11] *Gondal's Queen: A Novel in Verse by Emily Jane Brontë* (Austin, Texas, 1955).

[12] "On *Wuthering Heights,*" *The English Novel: Form and Function* (New York: Rinehart, 1953), pp. 153-170. An earlier form of this essay, "The Window Figure and the Two-Children Figure in *Wuthering Heights,*" appeared in *NCF,* VII (1953), 189-197.

Realistically rendered, a hero, not a heroine—Heathcliff, not Augusta Geraldine Almeda—enjoys freedom in *Wuthering Heights.* Heathcliff knows love and travels somewhere to unknown adventure; Thrushcross Grange and Hindley and his wife have not socialized *him.* And yet, his freedom is useless to him alone. With Catherine lost to him twice, through marriage, then death, he finds himself compelled from within to enact a role that bears relationship to her fate. He plays out to the most extreme degree a role complementary to hers: master, tyrant, oppressor—I quote the terms from the novel. He exercises to the most extreme degree his patriarchal privilege. Hareton, he says, is *mine.* Linton, he says, is *mine.* Cathy Linton is *mine.* They are his possessions, no less than Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. He reifies them one by one and adds them to his inventory of revengeful acquisition. The great lyric passages of the novel's second half celebrate his longing for Catherine Earnshaw, who is free now. And they celebrate his impending release from his own bondage.

The end of the novel, far from dramatizing Hareton's oppression by the younger Catherine, renders the liberation of both of them. They are *both,* to begin with, imprisoned, Hareton in his boorishness, but Cathy no less in another way. She is kept ignorant of the past as Hareton is. And she is confined, first in the house and park of Thrushcross Grange, later more severely in the house and garden at Wuthering Heights. She is her father's and Nelly's "love," "darling," "queen," and "angel." She is Heathcliff's "dutiful daughter," or would be if he could work entirely his will with her.

Together, Catherine and Hareton are "companions" and "sworn allies." Theirs is a happy and successful win over mastery, tyranny, oppression. Even Nelly ceases to scold, as they venture in intimacy beyond her caution. The novel presents tragedy, to be sure, but the end is comedy, with society reconstituted in the new generation—youthful, loving, and free.

Emily Brontë, I *think,* already knew what my colleagues and I are up to in these pages. I quote Charlotte again: "We had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality. . . ."

SYDNEY KAPLAN

"Featureless Freedom" or Ironic Submission: Dorothy Richardson and May Sinclair

TWO BRITISH NOVELISTS, May Sinclair and Dorothy Richardson, preceded Virginia Woolf in their use of the stream of consciousness to investigate the feminine mind. They reflected the feminism of their contemporaries in the political and social arenas, but turned it to a consideration of the effect upon women's psyches of the external events around them. They were writers of a period of transition where women were achieving some degree of economic and social independence, at the same time as they were held to account to traditional concepts of femininity. They needed to consider those conventional views about the mental and emotional capacities of women—the old dichotomy between masculine reason and feminine intuition—and to incorporate them into some kind of concept of "feminine consciousness" which would assure the superiority of the feminine component. Through the medium of their main characters' consciousnesses they attempted to define a feminine mode of thinking and perceiving, especially with regard to self-awareness. Their characters represent two possible answers to the question of independence for women in their time. Dorothy Richardson's Miriam Henderson is the "new woman," who supports herself and explores life without the traditional restrictions imposed by family and society. May Sinclair's Mary Olivier, on the other hand, is physically trapped by her environment and psychological dependence, yet seeks freedom of mind above all else. Both novels are semi-autobiographical, both deal with intellectual women, and with women who refuse to play the conventional role of marriage, children, and submission to men.

Dorothy Richardson was the innovator, May Sinclair the interpreter. Miss Richardson attempted to create a "feminine equivalent of the current masculine realism."[1] She turned the novel inward, and used the older prevailing beliefs about the feminine psyche as the basis for a new form of literature and a new method of character development in a period of social change. *Pointed Roofs*, published in 1914 (the first of thirteen volumes which comprise *Pilgrimage*), has been called the first "stream of consciousness" novel in English. In fact, it was May Sinclair who first used this term in its literary sense, when she applied William

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[1] Dorothy M. Richardson, *Pilgrimage* (London: J. M. Dent, 1967), I, 9.

James' concept to Miss Richardson's novel when she reviewed it in 1918.[2] It was only a year later that she published her own exposition of the "stream" in *Mary Olivier* (New York: Macmillan, 1919). As a result, the two women were closely linked together by critics of their period, although this connection is usually overlooked today.

Mary and Miriam are similar in that they are both intellectual, rebellious, and mystically inclined. But these qualities are related to a tremendous sense of oppression and restriction in the case of Mary Olivier. Mary certainly has the inquisitive spirit that marks Miriam Henderson as well, but May Sinclair shows us the development of her feminine consciousness through a different method and out of a quite different body of beliefs about the nature of human emotions. She brings a whole body of deterministic theories to bear upon her character—biological, economic and psychological—and since her character is thus inescapably circumscribed, she never achieves the freedom in her daily life that is so remarkable with Miriam. Miriam leaves her family and becomes independent; Mary is forced to stay and care for her domineering mother and gradually gives up the strong-willed passions of her youth as she retreats further into the life of the mind. She refuses even to leave her mother in order to marry the writer who falls in love with her when she reaches middle age. Conditions force Mary's actions; Miriam always insists upon changing conditions. Thus, on some levels, *Mary Olivier* is a protest novel; that is, it protests the conditions which force talented women to live empty lives. This social sense is quite different from the intensely personal "pilgrimage" Dorothy Richardson was describing. However, *Mary Olivier* is also deeply personal, but through its more detached point of view and more organically unified construction it tends to symbolize both character and conditions and gives them larger implications. Dorothy Richardson was looking at the innumerable perceptions which change from moment to moment, at life seen in the concrete, in the particularities, never in terms of totalities; she believed this was the essence of the feminine consciousness. May Sinclair, on the other hand, was no existentialist. Her own writings in philosophy were on idealism. She was influenced by Freudian and Jungian studies in symbolism, and thus her characters always tended toward the "type."

Although *Mary Olivier* appeared later than the first three volumes of *Pilgrimage*, it portrays a character and way of life belonging more to the late Victorian era, and aside from its very powerful Freudian references, retains the sense of nineteenth-century determinism about it. May Sinclair's views on creativity as an organic principle of nature allow her to speak of genius as the masculine mental counterpart of feminine biological creativity. The woman of genius, therefore, is part male–part female, and hopelessly frustrated. Mary Olivier experiences this frustration not only because of her powerful mind, but because of the confused family relationships which leave her forever seeking her mother's love instead of her father's. Her sexual life is thwarted by role confusion, sexual puritanism, latent incestuous feelings for her brother, obsession with her mother, and fear of an inherited insanity which had a sexual pattern. Even her fiancé leaves her when she grows into a scholarly woman rather than a simple graceful girl. She remains at home and over the years develops her "masculine" side—her intellect. She is fully aware that her creativity—poetry, philosophical articles—results from the suppression of her sexual drives:

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[2] May Sinclair, "The Novels of Dorothy Richardson," *The Egoist*, 5 (April 1918), 57-59.

> The poems would be made up of many poems. It would last a long time, through the winter and on into the spring. As long as it lasted she would be happy. She would be free from the restlessness and the endless idiotic reverie of desire. (*Mary Olivier*, p. 234).

Mary's "feminine consciousness," then, is produced primarily by inhibition. Her sense of self is so obscure that in searching for it she has difficulty separating it from the illusory self made up of her connections with others. She questions her real self: "Would it always have to stoop and cringe before people, hushing its own voice, hiding its own gesture?" (p. 168) And she is forever told that to assert herself is unfeminine. It is this commonly held notion of femininity as passivity which seems to trouble Miriam Henderson too. She also grows up ambivalent about her role as a woman. She is raised almost like a son by her parents, who expect her to become financially independent after her father's bankruptcy:

> Within me . . . the *third* child, the longed-for son, the two natures, equally matched, mingle and fight: Is it their struggle that keeps me adrift, so variously interested and strongly attracted, now here, now there? Which will win? (*Pilgrimage*, III, p. 250).

Although Miriam is an emancipated woman, she is confronted with men who want her to be submissive. Her ambivalence is compounded by a feeling of physical uneasiness, a belief that she lacks feminine grace. It is also complicated by a latent homosexuality which causes her to experience her most intense feeling for other women, eliminating the threat of "otherness." Her relations with men vacillate between hostility and maternalism. The hostility reveals itself in Miriam's continuous arguments for the superiority of the feminine consciousness. She attacks the notion of women's biological inferiority and the notion of civilization as a masculine achievement. Her major attack is on masculine reasoning, with its dogmatism, logic, and emphasis on things rather than people. She even analyzes the nature of language, which she considers essentially masculine.

Her insistence upon the superiority of the feminine consciousness eventually leads her, ironically, to a religious commitment. Because of her ambivalence in her sexual role, her ego is so fragile and her need to preserve her sense of self so great, that she has difficulty with intimacy and is unusually sensitive to criticism. She cannot be herself with men; her feelings for women frighten her; yet she longs for communion. A state of mystical awareness where she is at one with everything eliminates the "other."

This religious solution is quite in keeping with her emerging concept of the feminine consciousness. She believes that the feminine mind is capable of "being all over the place and in all camps at once,"[3] that it understands the essential importance of all things and refuses to create a hierarchy of values regarding them. It can perceive the multi-layered nature of reality, where all things are always in the present. Thereby, she can avoid intimate contact with any one person or thing through asserting the equal importance of all things. In this sense of total presentness which she calls "featureless freedom" (*Pilgrimage*, I, p. 43), she can be at one and yet separate and self-contained.

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[3] Dorothy M. Richardson, "Leadership in Marriage," *The Adelphi*, 2nd Ser., 2 (June-Aug. 1929), 347.

Mary Olivier calls the same experience the "flash point of freedom" (p. 377), and for her it represents the way the self can be released from the determinism of heredity and environment. The kind of mystical experience she undergoes is characteristic of her personality. It is a reaction to her life of isolation and feeling of being unloved. It is a totally impersonal experience in which she does not try to own the objects she perceives during it, nor does she lose herself in them. What is feminine in it—feminine according to the traditional definitions Mary accepts—is that it is a giving up of the self, an ultimate submission, and an ironic one for a woman who tried so hard to overcome all demands for submission from family and men.

With both women the solution takes them away from human relationships; as if those relationships are impossibilities for independent women. Even more important, it seems that the sexual part of femininity must be escaped from also. Their femininity becomes a femininity of mind which is strangely abstract and separated from its normal connection with the body. It is a lonely and asexual achievement of "being."

The form of each novel relates to the patterns of feminine consciousness it seeks to describe. May Sinclair uses a closed structure in order to sum up an entire life as it is seen by the one who lived it. It is impressionistic, at times symbolic. Its closed form—completed—complements the rather fatalistic view of life it explores. Dorothy Richardson also attempts to correlate form with her concept of feminine consciousness in order to achieve a sense of total presentness, simultaneity of impressions, and lack of "logical" ordering. But she must inevitably resort to "masculine" devices —words, sentences—in order to describe and discuss. This creates a tension that is never resolved.

ALLEEN PACE NILSEN

Women in Children's Literature

SOME OF MY BEST AND MOST adventurous girl friends are between the covers of books. They range from *Alice in Wonderland* to *Harriet the Spy*. In between are *Caddie Woodlawn*, *Heidi*, Laura of *The Little House* books, and Arriety of *The Borrowers*. Because of these friends, I was shocked last May to read Elizabeth Fisher's article in the *New York Times* which charged that children's books were unfair to girls. Her strongest claim was that books for our youngest and therefore most impressionable children not only fail to represent the real world of today, but also combine into "an almost incredible conspiracy of conditioning. Boys' achievement drive is encouraged; girls' is cut off. Boys are brought up to express themselves; girls to please. The general image of the female ranges from dull to degrading to invisible."

As I said, my first reaction was shock. This was followed by skepticism and finally by reluctant agreement. I took my first step between skepticism and agreement when I remembered some advice I received in a course entitled "Writing for Children." The instructor told us that the wise author writes about boys, thereby insuring himself a maximum audience, since only girls will read a book about a girl, but both boys and girls will read about a boy. At the time that I heard this, I felt nothing but gratitude for being let in on a trade secret. Since then, I have heard that Scott O'Dell, who wrote the prize-winning *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, tells how the book was initially rejected by a publisher who wanted him to rewrite it, changing the heroine to a hero.

I took my second step when I sat down in front of the fifty-eight picture books which happened to be on the display cart for use by the children's literature teachers at Eastern Michigan University. As I thumbed through the books looking specifically at the way women and girls were pictured, I was struck first by what appears to be a cult of the apron. Of the fifty-eight books, twenty-five had a picture of a woman somewhere in them. And of these twenty-five books, all but four had a picture of a woman wearing an apron. Ets and Labastida showed women wearing their aprons to the public market in Mexico, and Robert McCloskey had a woman wearing an apron to the public gardens in Boston. Within these fifty-eight books, I also found a mother alligator, a mother rabbit, a mother donkey, and a mother cat all wearing aprons. In the four books which showed women

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without aprons, the leading characters included a teaching sister whose habit had a long white frontispiece, a queen who was knitting, an Indian squaw who was stirring a pot of food, and a mother who was taking her children on an outing.

This was enough to convince me that the matter was worthy of additional study. Knowing that I could never look at all children's books, I decided on a rather modest sampling, the winners and runners-up of the Caldecott Award[1] during the last twenty years. These books are fairly representative of the best that we have in picture books, and once a book gets on this exclusive list it is ordered by practically every children's librarian in the country. Hence these are books that reflect our adult values and at the same time influence the formation of early child values. People have told me that if I had looked at books written for junior high school students my findings would have been different. Perhaps so. It's certainly an area that needs investigation. But my reason for concentrating on picture books rather than on those for independent readers (children age eight and above) is that the illustrated books are the ones influencing children at the time they are in the process of developing their own sexual identity. Children decide very early in life what roles are appropriate to male and female. Last summer in our own family, we had a striking example of this. My sister was accepted into medical school. Naturally there were congratulations and comments from neighbors, friends, and relatives. After a few days of this, she found her son (age six) and her daughter (age five) crying real tears for no apparent reason. When she at last got to the cause of their grief, she found that they thought if she were going to become a doctor, she would first have to turn into a man and they wouldn't have a mother.

But on to the survey of the eighty books—I will start by giving some very quick comparisons. First, just going through the titles of the stories, I found fourteen males (thirteen boys and one man), but only four females (two girls and two women) listed by name. In counting the characters pictured in the illustrations, I found a total of 386 females and 579 males. Of the eighty books, there was not a single one that did not have a male (human or animal), but there were six books in which females were completely absent. In a larger group of books—in fact, one-fourth of the entire sample—there were only what I would call token females. Seven of these token females were mothers who sewed on the buttons and packed the lunches so that, for example, "The Fool of the World" could go away in his "flying ship," and Si could get a job as "Skipper John's Cook." I expected this, but I was surprised to notice how often women and girls were pictured looking out at the action. They stand in doorways (*The Storm Book*), they look through windows (*The Two Reds*), and they sit on the porch in rocking chairs (*The Day We Saw the Sun Come Up*). Most of the token females were very unobtrusive, such as the princess who is only mentioned as a marriage objective in *The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship* and *Puss In Boots*. In *Why the Sun and Moon Live in the Sky*, we see the moon as the sun's wife who helps build the house, but says nothing. In *Alexander and the Wind-up Mouse* the male characters happen to be in Annie's room. We never see Annie, but she turns out to be the villain because she throws away the old toys. In *One Wide River to Cross,* we see male and female animals, but not male and female people. In *Wave,* the only mention of females is a statement that even the women and babies climbed the mountain. In *May I Bring a Friend*, the queen knits and is swung in a swing. She frowns when they all go fishing and she sits on a cushion in the background when a golden trumpet is brought and all the males take a turn playing. In *Judge*, one of the five prisoners is a woman who is declared a "nincompoop," and in *Mr. T. W. Anthony Woo*, the whole plot is how the lovable Mr. Woo can get rid of his meddlesome sister and her bothersome parrot, who is also female. There is one book in this group that I think is the epitome of male chauvinism. It is an alphabet book called *Ape in a Cape*. It is dedicated to Timmy and it pictures thirty-six male animals and two females. It begins with the ape who wears a definitely male military cape. When we come to the "Dove in Love" page, we see two identical doves so I assume that one is female. The only other female is a ridiculous "fat lady" hippopotamus in the background of a circus scene. When I came to the "M" page and read "Mouse in a Blouse," I was certain I would see a female animal, but no! The author-artist pictures a mouse in a middy blouse and to make sure there is no mistake he adds a sailor hat labelled U. S. Navy.

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[1] This award is presented annually by the Children's Service Committee of the American Library Association for the most distinguished picture book of the year. Including the runners-up, eighty books received citations within the last twenty years.

But even this book I would not make a special effort to keep away from my daughter. In fact, there was not a single book in the survey that I would want her not to read. On the other hand, I would be very distressed if these books were the only books available to her. If a girl is continually faced with books where the boy does all the explaining while the girl does all the listening, where the boy does all the travelling while the girl does all the waving, where the boy does all the complaining while the girl does all the smiling, and worst of all, where the boy does all of everything and the girl isn't even visible, then I think it reasonable to predict that the girl might have problems in finding her own identity. If she accepts the placid role of the female as shown in some recent picture books, then she runs the risk of becoming an anachronism as well as an unhappy person. I think what is more likely is that if she has a fair amount of energy, ambition, and intelligence, she will reject the placid female role and will instead identify with the male. This too—as most of us know—brings its share of frustration. Rather than dwelling on this point, I will assume that we are in agreement that there is a real need for books presenting models which show accurately and realistically ways in which women and girls can successfully function as individuals.

In the rest of my paper, then, I will change my focus and look behind the statistics to see if we can see the reasons for what truly does look like a prejudice against girls. I am in hopes that if we understand some of the reasons, then perhaps we can be more efficient as we go about trying to ameliorate the situation.

Some people have already suggested that publishers are plotting against women and girls. I find this highly unlikely—at least on a conscious level—because the field of children's literature is one in which women have at least a numerical majority in the control of children's books as they go about their roles of being mothers, teachers, librarians, book sellers, critics, and children's editors. And if the Caldecott books are typical, then women are at least equally represented among the authors, although they are in the minority among the artists. There were thirty-eight male authors or author-artists, as compared with forty women; however among the free lance artists there were twenty-five men as compared to twelve women. The other reason that I do not think that the publishers are intentionally ignoring girls, is that I can see no way in which it would profit either their businesses or society. Until only very recently, it may have been thought best for the world as a whole if girls were not encouraged to do other than focus their lives around being housewives and mothers. But with our longer life expectancies and with the biggest single problem in the world being that of the population explosion, this viewpoint can no longer go unchallenged. I am not saying that we should go about de-emphasizing the traditional female roles, but I am saying that we need to provide dozens or even hundreds of models for young girls so that there is room for selection and individual differences. If women are really going to have smaller families, then they must be allowed additional ways to fulfill themselves. It's because we have such a need for both quantity and quality, that I think we should do all we can to get the commercial publishers to see the possibilities for presenting many roles for children of both sexes. My second reason for feeling that we must work through the commercial publishers is that we must reach all children—not just our own daughters. For example, it isn't going to profit us very much if we convince a little girl that she should become a doctor if we do not also persuade her future husband, neighbors, friends, teachers, counselors, and admissions committee, as well as all the men in the world who now think it unmanly to go to a woman doctor.

When the creator of the Barbie Doll was questioned about the values being promoted through the doll, she stated flatly that her company was a reflection of the culture, not a maker of it. When the time comes that little girls will really grow up to be doctors, then she will manufacture Barbie doctor kits, in addition to Barbie boyfriends and Barbie fashion shows. I don't think that anyone in the field of children's literature would have answered a question about books in this way. People have always recognized that books set standards of behavior and publishers have looked on this as both an obligation and an opportunity—witness the recent flood of black books.

If it is not a purposeful plot, and if I am correct in assuming that people working with children's books are genuinely people of good will who desire to be fair and to promote honest values, then why do we have a problem?

One reason is the English language. As linguists point out, English is perhaps defective in not having singular pronouns equivalent to the plurals: *they*, *their*, and *them*. Having no neuter in the singular form means that any animate being must be referred to as either *he* or *she*. Many books, particularly those about animals,[2] are dominated by males simply because the author is forced to choose between masculine and feminine pronouns. An author usually chooses masculine because it is easy and he (or she) has been taught that masculine can stand for both men and women, although not the other way around. A book which illustrates this point is *Feather Mountain.* This is a make-believe story of how the birds of the world first got their feathers. None of the birds have names and the author refers to all of them with the masculine pronouns even though some of them look very feminine as they stitch, and sew, and ruffle and paint. We might compare this to Taro Yashima's treatment of a group of children in *Seashore Story*, where he uses such phrases as "One asked," "Another asked," and "A young teacher answered." For a writer to do what Yashima does rather than referring to everyone as *he*, takes both greater awareness and greater skill in writing. The unadorned indefinite pronoun *one* is too stiff and formal to be appropriate for the intimate style of most picture books. It is no more a part of children's language than is the concept that *he* can stand for girls as well as boys.

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[2] There were fifteen books in the survey which had animals as the characters. Not one of these had female animals as the main characters.

Also, children interpret language quite literally. When they hear such expressions as *chairman*, *brotherly love*, *ten-man team*, and *fellow-man*, they think of men, not of the whole human race. Another language related problem is that names are based on the male form and to show a relationship, we often take the male form and then add a feminine suffix, such as *-ess*, *-ine*, or *-ette*. The *-ette* suffix is what Eve Titus used in naming Anatol's children so that we have *Paul and Paulette*, *Claude and Claudette*, and *George and Georgette*. It is unfortunate that *-ette* not only indicates feminine, but also smallness and sometimes falseness or insignificance as in *cassette*, *cigarette*, or *leatherette*. This same linguistic principle applies not only to proper names, but also to other designations such as *god-goddess*, *host-hostess*, *major-majorette*, etc. In all these examples the second term simply does not seem as important as the first.

Another problem is related to the artists. Sometimes a book, such as *A Tree is Nice*, is slanted towards boys strictly by the artist. There is nothing in the text of this book to suggest that it is a boy's book, but the illustrator drew twenty-seven males compared to thirteen females. He put eleven of the boys and only three of the girls in the branches of trees. The three girls are on the very lowest branches. The other girls are pictured in such poses as waving to a boy who is high in a tree, dragging a little boy through the leaves, helping another little boy into a tree, standing with a sprinkling can, and standing dejectedly alone while the boys climb a magnificent tree. In spite of all this, I think a girl might have been able to identify with the story which is written in the second person and all the way through talks to *you.* But alas, on the final page, the artist shows that *you* is a boy who is pictured planting a tree.

As you perhaps remember, the only real difference between the ratio of male and female authors and artists was in the number of free-lance artists who illustrated books. If these figures are typical, then we can assume that free-lance artists are more than twice as likely to be men as women. And because of the living conditions of New York artists, I think the men are unlikely to have intimate acquaintance with children. They base their drawings on what they can remember from their own childhood, which naturally enough centered around boys.

Out of the eighty books, I found ten modern and original picture-book stories which had girls as the leading characters,[3] compared to twenty-four stories having boys as the leading characters. There were twelve individual authors and artists involved in the production of these ten books. Nine of these twelve were women. The three men were Ludwig Bemelmens with his *Madeline's Rescue*, Robert McCloskey with both *One Morning in Maine* and *Time of Wonder*, and Taro Yashima with *Umbrella*. I think it significant that all three of these men have daughters of their own and the Yashima and McCloskey books are specifically about the artists' own daughters. Perhaps this means that it takes a special acquaintance before a man feels comfortable in picturing girls. Even McCloskey seems shy about drawing girls other than his own. In his two books, the only females he drew were his wife and his two daughters, as compared to twenty-five different males. It is also interesting that in *Time of Wonder*, his two girls are tremendously adventurous, even sailing across the bay by themselves, but when they get in a crowd of six boys who are diving from rocks, and swimming and surfing, the girls suddenly become very feminine as they play in the sand and sunbathe. Among the authors and artists, I found thirteen women who did books specifically about boys. Perhaps this indicates that women, through being mothers, teachers, or librarians—all roles where they observe both boys and girls—feel perfectly at ease in writing about boys and in drawing their pictures.

Now by looking at footnote three, which lists ten books written especially for and about girls, and by noticing the dates (publication was one year prior to the given date of the award), we come to what I think is my most significant finding. If the Caldecott books are representative, then we can conclude that there has been a steady decrease of illustrated books written for, or about, girls. Nine of the ten "girl" books were written during the fifties. The only one written during the sixties is about a girl named Samantha and called Sam. I strongly suspect that the choice of her name was influenced by a desire to attract boys to the book which is entitled *Sam, Bangs and Moonshine*. Further evidence pointing to the fact that girls are losing, rather than gaining, a place in books for the very young is a comparison of the number of girls and the number of boys pictured in the survey books calculated at five-year intervals.[4] From 1951 to 1955, the percentage of girls pictured in the books was forty-six. By 1956 to 1960, the percentage of girls had shrunk to forty-one, and by 1961 to 1965, it was down to thirty-five. In the most recent period, 1966 to 1970, only twenty-six percent of the characters were girls.

Why should girls be losing out? To answer this we have to go beyond the survey books and look at certain developments that I think have influenced all children's books in the last two decades. If publishers are guilty, I think it's not individually, but collectively. In striving to compete, they let themselves be pulled along in certain movements which in combination have served to harness some of the creative variety that is naturally present in authors and artists.

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[3] *The Egg Tree*, 1951; *The Most Wonderful Doll in the World*, 1951; *One Morning in Maine*, 1953; *Madeline's Rescue*, 1954; *Play With Me*, 1956; *One is One*, 1957; *Time of Wonder*, 1958; *Umbrella*, 1959; *Nine Days to Christmas*, 1960; and *Sam, Bangs and Moon-Shine*, 1967.

[4]	Boys	Girls
1951-55	273	228
1956-60	148	100
1961-65	66	29
1966-70	92	29

These movements grew out of the placid fifties when the wars (including Korea) were over, the soldiers were home, and the women seemed perfectly happy to return to their kitchens and leave the working world to the veterans. Probably other factors also contributed to what was a general emphasis on motherhood and homemaking skills such as gourmet cooking and fancy needlework. Anyway, during the fifties, the feeling was very strong that "A Woman's Place is in the Home!" Suddenly in the fall of 1957, the Russian's Sputnik burst into the picture and we were all caught up in the education explosion which followed. We became interested in science and math and foreign languages, and in 1961 Congress passed the National Defense Education Act which specified that federal funds could be used to purchase science books for school libraries. Publishers stumbled over each other in trying to fill their catalogues with books that would not only qualify for purchase under this Act, but would also excite children enough so that they would read them, and perhaps even purchase them, on their own. In the United States, science has always been thought of as a field appropriate to males. The producers of the new science books had their hands full in breaking new ground. Never before had anyone succeeded in writing informative books that great numbers of children would love to read. Writers could hardly be expected to compound their difficulties by attempting at the same time to break down centuries-old sex barriers. The science books proved to be so popular that publishers expanded into social studies books, mostly centering around great events and great people. This was another natural for male orientation since women have always been practically absent from history books. An example of this type are the Random House Landmark books which are described and advertised as "colorful and dramatic chapters in American history." However, of the 165 books now in print, there are only five of them about individual American women. Last month when I asked a Random House representative about this, he candidly said that they thought if they got the boys interested, the girls would follow. Even ten years ago, I doubt that he would have dared to say, "If we get the white kids interested, the blacks will follow."

The results of the National Defense Education Act might be summarized in Remy Charlip style: children can now go to the library and find a wealth of high quality informative books about every conceivable subject. What good luck! But these thousands of informative books are highly male orientated and male dominated. What bad luck!

Another significant part of the education explosion was that people began discovering and paying attention to a fact that we females—both teachers and students—had long known, but been too polite to mention. Little boys did not learn to read nearly as fast nor nearly as well as little girls did. Someone said that Johnny couldn't read because the textbooks were dull and were full of feminine values. This claim was widely publicized and Dr. Seuss started a new word game which turned the writer's craft inside out. The object was to find interesting and exciting situations to fit words from the basic reading lists, rather than the usual writing method of finding words to fit situations. This in itself is questionable. But the important point about these books as they relate to this paper is that they were written to answer a specific need. They were written to help *Johnny*—not Joanie, nor Janet, nor Jeannie—learn how to read. They were purposely and openly defeminized. Dick and Jane, Jack and Janet, Alice and Jerry, and Tom and Betty were replaced by Cowboy Sam, Sailor Jack, Dan Frontier, and such other males as Harold, Tom, Max, Bob, Mr. Pine, Morris, and the Binky brothers. Even the animals were made masculine. Standing next to Little Bear, who is of course a male, we see Chester the Horse, Harry the Dirty Dog, Sam the Firefly, Zeke the Raccoon, Julius the Gorilla, and Albert the Albatross. Many of these books turned out to be delightfully creative and children of both sexes are reading and enjoying them. What good luck! But they are equally, or even more, male-oriented than the science and social studies books. What bad luck!

It is ironic that in recent years, little girls lost out in two different ways. Boys are the dominant figures in the non-fiction section of the library because they are thought to be *more* able than girls in such fields as math, science, and statesmanship. Then they are the dominant figures in the beginning-to-read books for just the opposite reason. They are thought to be *less* able than girls in the field of language arts.

Once the producers of children's books began thinking in terms of boys, nothing happened in the sixties to make them think otherwise. Probably the most significant development of the sixties was the large number of books about black children, but here again, we see mostly boys. Going back to the survey, in *Lion*, William Pène du Bois pictured the 104 artists who designed the earth. There was one with dark skin, but there was not a single female. In Leo Lionni's *Swimmy*, I'm sure children are quick to see that Swimmy is brave and bright and black, but they are probably just as quick to see that he is a *he*. The hundreds of other fish are given no sex distinction. Ezra Jack Keats, who was one of the first to produce really quality picture books about black children, has created a charming and very modern individual named Peter. But in *The Snowy Day*, Peter's mother is seen only as a stereotype negro "mammy." In *Goggles*, the only female is Peter's sister who sits on the sidewalk with a baby, drawing pictures while all the excitement of a miniature gang war rages around her.

Another development in the sixties is related to inflation and spiraling production costs. As publishers seek ways to cut their expenses, they look increasingly to the world's folktales where there is no need to pay an author's royalty or double copyright. Perhaps my sampling was weighed in this direction, since the Caldecott Award is given mainly on the basis of the illustrations, and folktales are a favorite with many artists. Out of the eighty Caldecott books, nineteen were based on folktales. Folktales are set several hundred, or even thousand, years ago when almost any activity required brute strength. Hence it was by necessity that the men were the doers and the women were the on-lookers.

In summary, what is it that I'm asking for? Certainly not that we involve children in our adult male-female quarrels or that we take from the library shelves any of the books that I've talked about. But I am asking for fair play. If we have an alphabet book strictly for boys, let's recognize it as a book teaching male roles rather than the alphabet, and then let's provide something equally interesting which teaches female roles.

I doubt that we can add a new pronoun to the English language, but with a little bit of effort, a good writer can avoid referring to every animal or every character as *he*. And when a book is addressed to the second person *you*, artists can be careful that their illustrations do not restrict this nondefinite pronoun to one sex or the other. Artists can also take a second look at their crowd scenes. What earthly purpose does it serve to draw seven males for every female, which is the ratio that one of my students found in Dr. Seuss's books? I have nothing against artists looking for folktales to illustrate, but I hope that in the future they will look a little deeper. The theme of many folktales is the triumph of the small and the weak through cleverness or perseverance. This was often a female. I am making a plea that we look for some of the most interesting of these stories, and reproduce them to serve as a balance to the many male-oriented folktales now in print. And in the field of social studies and biography, we must also look a little deeper. Surely a firm with all of the resources of Random House can find more than five interesting women in the history of America. And can't we be more realistic when we draw pictures of mothers? Let's show them driving cars, playing guitars, typing letters, and even going to work. When over forty percent of the mothers in the United States hold jobs I think we should do what we can to help children develop pride in their mother's accomplishments, rather than a sense of shame or embarrassment in feeling that their mothers *have* to work.

In the easy-to-read books I am all for keeping a low vocabulary combined with action and a high interest level. But I think we are obligated to remember that little girls still read faster and better than little boys, and it is very likely that the easy-to-read books are read by many more girls than boys. Girls like action too. Let's not stop it; let's just include the girls as part of it.

I guess that what I'm asking for is that we stop accepting as a fact the idea that boys will not read books about girls. I think that many of us have been guilty of playing both sides of this coin because at the same time that we were lamenting and prophesying that boys shouldn't read books about girls, we were taking many unnecessary steps to see that they never got the chance. I want a *Harriet the Spy* for pre-school and primary age children. This is a book "discovered" by sixth grade boys. The sex of the leading character is immaterial. What is important is the action and the humor. I think we can have books like this for younger children just as soon as we quit predicting their failure, which in the past has served to frighten away much of the best talent, and start producing books about real little girls—not the stiff, stilted, and placid creatures that we see in so many picture books. The lesson that we should have learned when we began looking at the elementary reading texts in the fifties was that boys wouldn't read books about dull children —male or female.

GEORGE GLEASON

The Job Market for Women: A Department Chairman's View

BEFORE I SPEAK about the job market for women, you should, I think, know something of my credentials. I am Chairman of the Department of English at Southwest Missouri State College, which is, I suppose, what one would call a "typical" state college. At this time there are about 9,000 students in the college. Our Department is about fifty years old, and I am the fourth Head of this Department. The first two Department Heads were women, and both of these women have had campus buildings named for them; both women are still alive and active.

In our Department of English we have 52 teachers, of whom 41 are full-time teachers in the following ranks.

8 Professors; two are women.
4 Associate Professors; one is a woman.
7 Assistant Professors; six are women, and two of these are near completion of doctoral degrees.
22 Instructors; ten are women.

Advancement in rank at SMS is affected by 1) academic preparation, 2) excellence in teaching and research or related activities, and 3) longevity. While it is possible to advance in rank along the 2 + 3 route, that route is long. The quicker advancement route is along 1 + 2 + 3, which means that for all practical purposes advancement from Assistant to Associate Professor requires the PhD or a near-equivalent. I mention this because it seems to me to have bearing upon my topic.

As I see it, the problem that faces a woman who enters the college teaching field, whether in English or in some other discipline, appears to be whether she is entering the profession to be a teacher for the rest of her life, or whether she is entering the profession to remain only until she gets married and starts a family.

Most of the young men who apply for teaching jobs are married and will take their wives with them to the schools at which the men are employed, but most of the young women who apply for teaching jobs are unmarried. If they marry while they are employed, they either quit teaching to take up housekeeping or they go away with their husbands if the husbands move. Thus they leave the teaching field to go into situations from which they may not find a way out and back into teaching.

As with men, the greatest number of women who enter the college field do so after completing a Master's degree. Since it is the practice of many colleges and universities not to retain an Instructor (which is the rank usually given a

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college teacher who has only the M.A.) longer than three or four years, the woman with an M.A. cannot expect to be permanently retained in a Department unless she does a significant amount of post-Master's work—usually from 30 to 60 hours of graduate work beyond the M.A. Though, of course, many women make an adjustment to this demand, as they also do to the simultaneous demands of marriage and a career, many do not; and it is these who for themselves probably constitute the greatest "problem" in the job market.

Many women do not want to work for a Ph.D. Fine. But they appear also to want not so much to do graduate work as to skim along from job to job until they find a roosting place. The best advice for all women Instructors is to go back to graduate school if they wish to remain in college teaching. However, getting women Instructors to follow this advice is not, apparently, easy. For example, of fifteen female Instructors who were in our Department in the last six years, seven left to get married, six sought other jobs, and only two returned to graduate school—and one of these has completed her doctorate. On the other hand, for the same period we had twelve male Instructors who left us. Nine of these returned to graduate school, and three of these have completed doctoral degrees; two are close to completion of doctoral work; and the other four are still in school. Three of our twelve male Instructors sought other jobs. This example is probably fairly typical.

Now while our nine male Instructors, by returning to graduate school, have personally enhanced their academic charms for prospective employers, this is so only for two of the female Instructors. Of the males who sought jobs rather than return to school, two went to junior colleges where their M.A. degrees will keep them safe for some time. The other went to a four-year college after being with us only one year. He is, however, aware that he will have to do graduate work, and he fully intends to do so. On the other hand, if our female Instructors ever intend to advance in the college job market, the seven who married have done nothing to beef up their academic marketability. Of the six who left us for other jobs, two quit English to teach Speech, where apparently they'll not have to do more graduate work to retain their present rank as Instructor; however, advancement for these two will be slow. Of the four female Instructors who took English-teaching jobs elsewhere, three can only stay in their jobs two or three years before moving again; but one of these is a fairly successful writer, and having more to offer than just the desire to teach freshman composition, she has a secure berth as an Instructor.

These examples point up that when considering the college teaching job market, one notes that it has two areas. One is that of entry into the job market, and the other is retention in the market. The second area is the more critical.

If a young Instructor does not feel up to the chores of getting a Ph.D. but wishes to go back to school and train to do more than teach composition and introductory lit courses, she should consider the teaching situation. A Chairman can annually select from hundreds of new M.A.s for his teachers of basic courses. To teach graduate courses, a Chairman wants the best prepared person he can hire, and this generally means that the Ph.D. is a requirement. But it is at the middle range of courses that there is a dearth of available teachers. The teachers for these courses must be versatile; therefore, to the young Instructor who does not want the Ph.D., I'd say, "Don't fool around with getting graduate work of the kind you already have. Diversify. Take another Master's degree, or just take a respectable number of hours of work in a related field." So far as I can tell, there is a wide open market for people who can teach such combinations as these:

- English and children's literature;
- English and journalism;
- English and remedial reading;
- English literature and continental literature—particularly the novel;
- English literature and American literature (I'm continually surprised at the number of Instructors whose sole preparation is in English literature);
- English and the teaching of high school literature;
- English and technical writing;
- English and narrative writing (as opposed to whatever creative writing is);
- English and the teaching of methods courses;
- English and the supervision of student teachers;
- English and linguistics or history of the language.

While not every English Department has courses in some of these related fields, a great many do. Also, in these ecumenical times, it is not at all unusual for teachers to teach part-time in one Department and part-time in another Department.

The main problem facing many of the young women entering the profession is that they are trained to be imitation Ph. D.s, and when they consider returning to graduate school they think in these terms but blanch at the thought of a dissertation. Despite the footsy-playing that is going on with various forms of the Doctor of Arts degree, for the foreseeable future a cheap Ph.D. is not apt to be anything more than that. My point is that since the M.A. degree is simply no longer a ticket for a permanent job in college teaching, sooner or later the applicant must offer something more—or make way for someone who will.

Another problem, and perhaps the main problem, for a woman who enters college teaching, or who wants to be retained in college teaching, is the matter of marriage. A woman teacher who marries creates a special problem for herself and for the school at which she teaches. If she marries while still an Instructor, a woman teacher will in all likelihood not feel that she can both return to graduate school and keep her husband happy and her newly-established home going.

For the school at which such a married woman teaches for three or four years, the problem is interesting. If she is a good teacher, the school will be reluctant to lose her services. However, if the school keeps this Instructor, she must in time be given tenure; then she cannot be dismissed. She may be a fine teacher, but as long as she does not grow professionally, by so much is the professional growth of the Department inhibited. Meanwhile, too, if she is given regular salary increments, she will in time get a higher salary than will any other Instructor in the Department, and the other Instructors will become unhappy with their salaries. Salary situations being what they are, few colleges can afford to disgruntle the troops in this way. On the other hand, if the college stops giving her pay increases, then she becomes embittered.

If the college does not give such a married Instructor tenure but dismisses her, it may do so with regret because of the certain knowledge that she will not return to graduate school and will not, therefore, be eligible to return to the school at a higher rank and offer additional service to the institution where she got her initial training as a teacher.

There is, of course, a way out for the woman who marries and is not given tenure. She can occasionally be hired to teach a class on an as-needed basis. For this service her pay is usually much less than that offered for a full-time teacher, though, of course, a part-time teacher usually is not asked to participate in the student-counseling and department-choring that a full-time teacher has to do.

And there is yet another way out for the woman who marries. She may be retained in some status that does not conflict with the regular rank structure and promotion requirements of the institution. Perhaps she is called an Assistant Instructor; perhaps she is a Lecturer. Whatever her non-regular status, the situation is apt to be an unhappy one for both the teacher and the Department.

The married woman or mother who is hired by an institution often presents a problem of perpetual accommodation. The woman's family life is no more a normal concern of the college than is a man's family life, but somehow while some women do not allow their family lives to interfere with their work, others do. They cannot teach early morning classes because they have to get breakfast for their husbands and children. They cannot teach from 11:00 to 2:00 because they must be home to get lunch. They'd prefer to be off at 4:00, not later than 5:00 at the worst. They do not expect to return to the campus after they have left for the day, and they get exercised about any kind of week-end work at school.

There is one kind of woman for whom the teaching job market is not too open. She is the woman who has married and gone where her husband has taken her. She is uprooted, but if she has a strong professional dedication, she may very well desire to re-enter the profession at another location. What are some choices open to her?

1. If she has a family for whom she must care, she can look for part-time work.
2. If her family is able to take care of itself, she can look for full-time work.
3. If she has no home ties, she may want to look for full-time work leading to eventual tenure.

But despite whatever she would like to do, this woman, perhaps splendidly prepared, is not mobile; she cannot go where a job is. If a local job market is closed to her, that's it. Even if the local market is open, she lacks the professional bargaining power of a person who can move where other jobs are and where the pay is highest. Do not think that this situation is unknown, for it is known to administrators who sometimes feel they can with good conscience hire a well-qualified woman at a cheaper rate than they can hire an equally qualified man. The woman either takes the local offer, or she stays at home.

And that's not all. If this woman is desperately interested in rejoining her profession, she may offer her services at a substantially lower rate and rank than one of her training, and perhaps experience, is worth. She may do this to supplement the family income, or she may do it simply to get out of the house. Whatever her reason for offering herself so cheap, if she is hired, she undermines the going rates and the salary and fringe-benefit advances that her profession has striven so long and so hard to gain.

There are undoubtedly a few schools where women, like the Irish, need not apply, but all the evidence I have is that the job market in colleges is just as open to women as it is to men. What a Department Chairman is looking for, I am convinced, is the best qualified person he can hire for the money he has available. And since recruiting is now a constant and onerous chore, a Department Chairman would rather retain a qualified teacher than to recruit half a dozen people about whom he must learn everything anew.

The job market, as I see it, involves not only admission to college teaching but retention in college teaching. Few women will have difficulty being admitted to college teaching, but for many of them retention in college teaching will depend upon whether they will make the sacrifices of time, effort, and personal adjustment necessary to be effective and independent human beings and teachers.

MARY ANNE FERGUSON

Response to Mr. Gleason

IN SOME WAYS Professor Gleason's view of the job market for women bears out the statistics he did not investigate. The picture of his own department coincides very closely with that of the typical modern language department described by Florence Howe according to the data of the Commission's Study I. Mr. Gleason's department has 52 teachers; since the total he lists by ranks is only 41, apparently 11 teachers, or 20%, have no rank, perhaps because they are part-time. Of the 41 members listed by rank, 25% of full professors and 25% of associate professors are women, compared with the national averages of 18% and 32% respectively. This is a department which until 1938 had no men faculty at all; now 75% of the senior faculty, including the chairman, are men. This fact is consistent with the national figures on the decrease of women proportionately in academia since the 1930s. On the instructors' level, Mr. Gleason's department coincides almost exactly with Study I's figure of 46% women; it has 45% at this rank. The figure for assistant professor is anomalous, however; whereas nationally, only 32% are women, in Mr. Gleason's department 85% of assistant professors are women. Perhaps some of them will be promoted soon.

Mr. Gleason maintains that he has tried to keep a balance of the sexes in the department. Since he has 41% women, it might look as if he has succeeded. But since 84% of the women are grouped at the bottom ranks, it looks as if he has not been able to hire or promote women to associate and full professorships during the past 20 years when men began to become equal members of his department.

The lack of success in balancing the sexes for the upper ranks, where he needs staff to teach the middle courses, Mr. Gleason ascribes to the fact that most of his applications are from young unmarried women who do not remain long on the job market once they marry. As Mr. Gleason says, "The woman who marries creates a special problem for herself." She will have to move with her husband when he changes jobs or returns to graduate school; she cannot expect permanent employment and promotion because she does not pursue graduate study to upgrade her qualifications. Instead, she wants "to skim along from job to job," and the department chairman loses the value of her experience with his department. Other problems department chairmen have with female faculty are women's insistence on special treatment in

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regard to teaching hours, their attempts to achieve advancement through sexual blackmail, their high rate of absenteeism, and their refusal to attend meetings. Most of Mr. Gleason's audience were women, who reacted negatively to this last point in particular. On some points national statistics reinforce the audience's view: according to the U.S. Public Health Service, during a recent three-year period, women workers in general were absent only about as often as men, even if absences for childbirth and pregnancy are included; there is some question whether childbirth should be counted as an illness. The same statistical survey shows that in all occupations those at the bottom are most likely to be absent; since more than half of the women in Mr. Gleason's department are instructors, absenteeism should not be surprising, especially since they are likely to be receiving $1000 per year less than men who do the same work in the modern languages. Another department chairman who heard Mr. Gleason's speech remarked that his experience with women faculty had been quite different; he cited a woman full professor and department chairman as having rarely been absent. Since there are no national figures for faculty attendance, neither chairman's opinion is broadly applicable.

But others of Mr. Gleason's charges about women are authenticated by the statistics of Study I. Although women received 55% of the masters' degrees and constituted 55% of the graduate students in modern languages, they received only 31% of the Ph.D.'s. Although about 40% of the MLA membership is female, undoubtedly many women who teach in college do not belong; one of the Commission's big probelms is how to reach this "buried" constituency. And though Mr. Gleason had an audience twice as big as the assigned room could accommodate, the presence of so many women at a national meeting was a new phenomenon—perhaps connected as much with the shrinking job market as with the first series of meetings aimed specifically at women. But admitting the truth of some of Mr. Gleason's charges is seeing only the tip of the iceberg; the real question is, why are women less likely than men to achieve status in the profession? *Do* they create problems for themselves?

Other papers at MLA suggested that women's comparatively low achievement in academia is caused by cultural conditioning from childhood on and by the discouragement inherent in the facts of the academic marketplace; women have not had equal access to graduate training nor equal opportunity in employment. The problems loom so large that many women do not try to overcome them; it seems superhuman to "succeed" in a society where white women college graduates average less pay than black male high school graduates, where almost all of one's graduate professors have been male. Betty Friedan has pointed out that many educated women shared in the "feminine mystique" of the 1950's and happily resigned themselves to the home as their proper sphere.

Yet, according to Study I, the proportion of women Ph.D.s in English has risen steadily during the last ten years, from 20 to 30%—equalling for the first time in 50 years the 1920 proportion. And though only about 25% of all Ph.D.s in English publish anything during their academic careers, married women Ph.D.s publish more, proportionally, than single women, single and married men. It would seem that women do have a will to succeed in their profession. Yet Study I shows that at every rank they receive less pay than their male peers; they are promoted much more slowly; only 8% reach the pinnacle of becoming full professors in Ph.D.-granting institutions. It would seem that it is the hostility and rigidity of academe rather than women's lack of will that has relegated them to the basement of the profession. Mr. Gleason's belief that a woman with strong professional dedication can do or be what she has the will to do or be, is a dangerous half-truth.

All stereotypes both reflect and create reality. Mr. Gleason's picture of women faculty is real in that many women do not advance or even continue in the profession; no doubt many women, carrying a full-time job at home as well as at college, do not work on AAUP committees or attend meetings. But the group who heard Mr. Gleason's speech agreed that women should resist letting such stereotypes *create* reality for them. Recent pedagogical experiments have shown that teachers' expectations have a direct bearing on the quality of student performance. It is instructive to realize what a department chairman expects of women. It is rational not to allow oneself to fit the Procrustean bed,

SONIA PRESSMAN FUENTES

University Women and the Law

THE FACT THAT the Modern Language Association now has a Commission on the Status of Women, which is sponsoring a Forum and Workshops on Women, is an indication of how far the women's movement has come. While we've made scant progress in ending discrimination against women in employment, we've come a long way in the past few years in increasing the awareness of all groups in our society that such discrimination exists. Now that the country is beginning to admit there is such a thing as discrimination against women, the next step is to end practices and policies which perpetuate it.

I would like to discuss briefly three subjects which involve university women and the law:

> *First*, Title VII and other Titles of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and the status of bills to amend those Titles;
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> *Secondly*, other possible legal remedies available in the education field; and
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> *Thirdly*, action programs which university women can develop to promote equality of opportunity in the educational sphere.

Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which is administered by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (the EEOC) prohibits discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex, and national origin by covered employers, employment agencies, and unions. The Act comes into play through the filing of a charge by an aggrieved person at one of our many regional offices around the country. When a charge is filed, it is investigated and processed. If the Commission finds reasonable cause to believe the Act has been violated, it attempts to conciliate the case. If voluntary conciliation is not achieved, the aggrieved person has the right to institute suit in the federal district court.

Title VII currently offers no protection to either public or private school teachers because of two sections in the Act:

Section 701 of the Act excludes from coverage instrumentalities of the federal, state, and municipal governments. Accordingly, teachers at public and state schools are excluded. Section 702 excludes the employment of individuals by educational institutions to perform work connected with the educational activities of the institution. Under that section, both public and private school teachers

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and administrative personnel of educational institutions are excluded.

Please note, however, that while an educational institution is exempt as an employer, it is not exempt as an employment agency. Thus, a university placement center, unless it is part of a State or Federal University, would come within the coverage of Title VII. If a university placement center discriminates on the basis of sex in its classified advertising, recruitment, or referrals, it would be in violation of Title VII. By discrimination in advertising, I mean both advertising which seeks males only or females only, or advertising which is placed in a column headed "Help Wanted, Male" or "Help Wanted, Female."

There are some other exclusions in Title VII and in other portions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 which are relevant to university women. Title VII contains no prohibition against discrimination based on marital status. Thus, even if educational institutions were covered by Title VII, a university policy of refusing to employ both a husband and wife would not on its face constitute a violation of Title VII. It might, however, be possible to establish a violation based on sex if it could be shown that the policy had a disproportionate effect on women and was not justified by business necessity. The Civil Service Commission Regulations (5 CFR Part 713), which prohibit discrimination in competitive positions in the Federal government, do prohibit discrimination based both on sex and marital status.

As teachers, you may also be interested in the exemption provided by Section 703(e) of Title VII, although it permits religious, rather than sex, discrimination. That section permits a religiously affiliated school, college or university to discriminate on the basis of religion not only with regard to those employees engaged in religious and educational activities but with regard to all its employees.

As you may know, Title VII, which deals with employment discrimination, is only one of a number of Titles of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. It is however, the only current Title which includes a prohibition against sex discrimination. Thus, Title IV, which provides for desegregation of public education; Title V, which deals with the Commission on Civil Rights; Title VI, which provides for nondiscrimination in programs or activities under Federal grants, loans and contracts; and Title X, which established the Community Relations Service, are among the titles which do not include sex discrimination within the areas of concern.

There were a number of bills introduced in the last session of Congress which would have closed some of the loopholes in the legislation we've just discussed, none of which passed. Nonetheless, it may be helpful to review these bills briefly, as some or all of them will undoubtedly be reintroduced later.

First, the Senate passed a bill which would have amended Title VII in certain significant ways—S. 2453. That bill, as passed by the Senate, gave the Commission authority to enforce its decisions. It extended coverage of the Act to State and municipal employees, and to teachers and administrative personnel employed by educational institutions. The bill did not remove the exemption granted to religiously affiliated educational institutions, and did not extend the coverage of Title VII to Federal employees. Although this bill was passed in the Senate, the House bill dealing with the amendment to Title VII, H.R. 175-55, did not come out of the House Rules Committee and, accordingly, Title VII was not amended.

Another bill of interest was Section

805 of H.R. 16098, which was introduced by Congresswoman Edith Green. Section 805 contained four amendments: an amendment to the Fair Labor Standards and Equal Pay Acts, removing the exemption of administrative, professional, and executive women; and amendments to three of the Titles of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, so as to include coverage of sex discrimination: Title IV, dealing with the desegregation of public education; Title V, dealing with the Commission on Civil Rights; and Title VI, dealing with nondiscrimination in programs and activities under Federal grants, loans, and contracts. Section 805 was not passed.

You may know that Congresswoman Green, who introduced Section 805, conducted extensive hearings in June and July of 1970 on discrimination against women. If you should be interested in securing a copy of the transcript, I suggest you write to your Senator or Congressman.

While neither Title VII nor the Equal Pay Act currently prohibits discrimination in the employment of teachers, the following Executive Orders, statutes, and Constitutional provisions may provide the basis for legal relief:

1. Executive Order 11246, as amended by 11375, which is administered by the Office of Federal Contract Compliance (the OFCC) in the Department of Labor. If an educational institution is a Federal government contractor, sex discrimination by the institution would be in violation of the Executive Order, and charges of discrimination could be filed with the OFCC.

2. State and municipal Fair Employment Practices statutes and ordinances. If your state or municipality has a fair employment practice statute or ordinance which does not exclude instrumentalities of the government and/or educational institutions, discrimination by a state or private educational institution may be in violation of state or local law.

3. State equal pay statutes. Your state equal pay statute may be applicable to remedy sex discrimination in pay by educational institutions.

4. Lawsuits based on Constitutional grounds. If the educational institution is an instrumentality of the federal, state, or municipal government, discrimination by it may be a violation of the Fifth or Fourteenth Amendment due process clauses of the Constitution.

5. The Civil Rights Acts of 1866 and 1871, 42 U.S.C. Sections 1982 and 1983. These Civil Rights Acts have recently been found applicable to cases of employment discrimination based on race. It may be possible through lawsuits to establish the applicability of these Acts to cases of employment discrimination based on sex.

6. Lawsuits based on other grounds, depending on the particular facts of the case. An example is the case of *Hill* v. *Chartiers Valley Joint School District.* Mrs. Hill, an elementary school teacher in Thornburg, Pennsylvania, was dismissed by her school board when she gave birth to a child while on sabbatical leave. She brought suit on the ground that her dismissal had not been in accordance with the procedural requirements set forth in the School Code, Act of 1911, and won reinstatement to her job with back pay.

In addition to lawsuits, there are numerous other actions which university women can take to promote equality of opportunity in the educational sphere.

First, you need to arm yourselves with the facts: about your own educational institutions, and about the law on the federal, state, and municipal levels. With regard to your own educational institutions, some of the areas you may wish to look into are the following: the institution's hiring practices with regard to teachers and administrative personnel, as well as other employeees; its practices with regard to terms and conditions of employment, such as recruitment, classified advertising, pay, promotions, maternity leave and benefits, retirement age and pension benefits, etc.; its counselling procedures; its practices with regard to the admission of undergraduate and graduate students; whether courses on women's rights are available at the undergraduate and graduate levels; whether day-care facilities are available for the children of students and employees; etc.

In securing information on the institution's work force, you may wish to ask the institution to make available to you its EEO-1 Reporting Form. Under Title VII and Executive Order 11246, certain educational institutions, like other employers, are required to file annual reports with the Federal government showing the composition of their work force by race, national origin, and sex in different job categories, such as officials and managers, professional employees, etc. Government educational institutions are exempted from such reporting under current OFCC regulations, but other institutions should be filing such reports.

Once you have the facts on your institution, you can develop action programs designed to achieve necessary reforms.

In addition to studying your own educational institutions, you may wish to develop task forces to study federal, state, and municipal laws which affect women, and to make recommendations for legislative reform. I've previously mentioned bills which were introduced in the last session of Congress to achieve reform on the federal level. On the state and local levels, you may wish to look into state and municipal fair employment practice statutes and ordinances. Some states and municipalities don't currently have fair employment practice legislation, or where they do, it may exclude employees of public institutions or of educational institutions. A number of states have legislation which restricts the employment of women, and female minors. Few states provide disability payments to women employees on maternity leave, and so on.

Finally, you may wish to develop a cadre of attorneys who will assist you with regard to recommending legislative reform, filing legal actions, and taking other steps designed to eliminate sex discrimination.

In recent years, educational institutions have become the focal point for numerous protest movements due to the renewed recognition of their vital role in shaping the citizens of tomorrow. While our educational institutions represent a tremendous challenge, they also offer vast opportunities. As teachers, you have the opportunity to mold your institutions so that they serve as models for the future rather than as mirrors of the past.

ALISON L. HOPWOOD

Twelfthmonth or What You Get

Once upon a time in the land of Notsofar, twins were born, a boy and a girl, and were called Euphues and Euphemia. Having all the education possible, even to their Ph.D.'s, they decided to seek academic fame and tenure. They agreed to go separate ways, and to meet after twelve months to see how each had fared.

On landing at the Canfouser Air Terminal, Euphemia discovered that she was carrying Euphues' passport instead of her own. However, as they looked exactly alike, and dressed alike too in the latest fashion, she handed her brother's passport to the Immigration Officer, who promptly stamped it.

"Since I am now officially Euphues," said Euphemia to herself, "perhaps I'd better use his name." And as such she presented herself at the local university, where she hoped to join the community of scholars. The year had just passed the winter solstice, and the university was celebrating the annual academic festival of hiring and promoting. Euphues (as we must call her) was hired as an instructor, and soon made friends with other members of the faculty, particularly young U. B. Seer and the beautiful and erudite Sophia Mundy. Professor Seer was consumed with a wish to marry Sophia, who said she wanted only to learn and teach. However, she changed her mind when she saw Euphues, much to his dismay, for he had fallen for U. B. Seer, and he longed to reveal that he was really she and called Euphemia.

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Twelve months to the day from their parting, Euphues walked into his sister's office, and Euphemia realized that the time had come to explain to her friends the difference between appearance and reality. On learning the truth, Sophia at once transferred her affections from the supposed to the real Euphues, and U. B. Seer discovered for Euphemia the substance of love, of which he had previously known only the form.

Professor Seer and Euphemia were married at once. On the day following their wedding, the Appropriate Committee of their Department met, with the first item of their agenda the proposed raising to assistant professor of Euphues —now known to be Euphemia. As soon as the meeting opened, a leading member pointed out that the marriage completely altered the matter. "It would be a violation of our firm principle and policy to appoint this person, since he, or rather she, has married Professor Seer, and is now a Department wife."

"Pity," said another, "his, I mean her, qualifications and field of specialization are exactly what we need."

"True," said a third, "but I understand that there is a twin brother with precisely the same qualifications, who is, in fact, Euphues."

"To be sure," said the member who had first raised the difficulty, "just the man we want. *He* will cause no embarrassment."

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So they recommended Euphues' appointment on the spot. Informally they agreed that Euphemia (who had been known as Euphues) could be offered a sessional lectureship sometime in the summer, whenever the budget was settled.

Euphues (the brother of the twin pair and now a professor) had planned to marry Sophia Mundy the next week. However, when Sophia learned that the committee had appointed her intended husband to the rank of assistant professor in the Department, while reaffirming their private policy against appointing Department wives, she decided not to marry Euphues. He agreed that the loss of Sophia's professional standing and salary was too great a sacrifice to expect her to make. Clearly every advantage lay in living in sin, which they did, happily reading proofs of each other's books, helping each other prepare bibliographies and indexes, and delighting in their three children, who received all the advantages that parental love and foresight and two salaries (plus Family Allowances) could provide.